December 1918

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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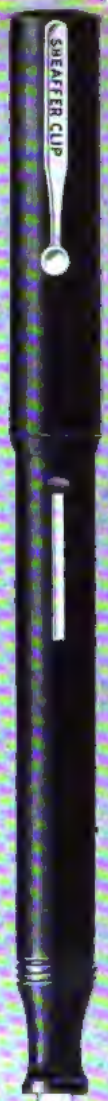

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The Bells of Christmas

THE bells of Christmas—what new message do they bring to us? Will they at last

"Ring out the false, ring in the true"?

Or are they as before merely the noisy heralds of trade, the voices of illusion? The world that amid its travail hears them, chiming above the din of strife, holds in its own heart and hands the answer.

Mankind stands nearer to-day to the achievement of its own salvation than it has ever stood since Time began. By its own efforts and self-sacrifice it has come to the very threshold of the Kingdom toward which it has always been faring.

In this incredible hour the lines of color, the hatred of race, the barriers of creed and dogma are dim; the day of Babel recedes. Men are moving with a common purpose—to win for every people, whether great or small, its just heritage of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." These years of conflict have told us what it was hard to believe, that at heart humanity is noble. It is only now that it has found itself.

The final issue of this great struggle rests with us, with every man and every woman everywhere. The end is visible. The mediæval battlements of cruelty and injustice have been crumbling to their fall. And now we shall face the greater battle.

It seems unthinkable, when we contemplate the cost, that all this labor of a world's love should have been spent for naught; that we should ever turn backward from this vantage ground. Shall civilization, having won this struggle, lose it after all? Will humanity, through greed and self-seeking, forfeit the freedom it has fought for, and return into its old bondage to selfishness and cynicism and international distrust? If it does, then generations to come will pay for its folly.

But whether we fall back for another æon into the shadows and forego the prize of all our suffering, or by the clear light of this revelation go forward to a yet greater redemption, for one moment at least, in the weary centuries of error, we have caught the gleam of the fair white city.

For that vision and its promise, brief though it be, it is worth while to have lived, and if so be, to die. For we have at last looked into the world's bared heart, and know its secret—a great heart but a wayward one, a spendthrift of strength, prodigal of suffering, but hitherto a miser of its love.

And once more it stands at the parting of the long, long way.

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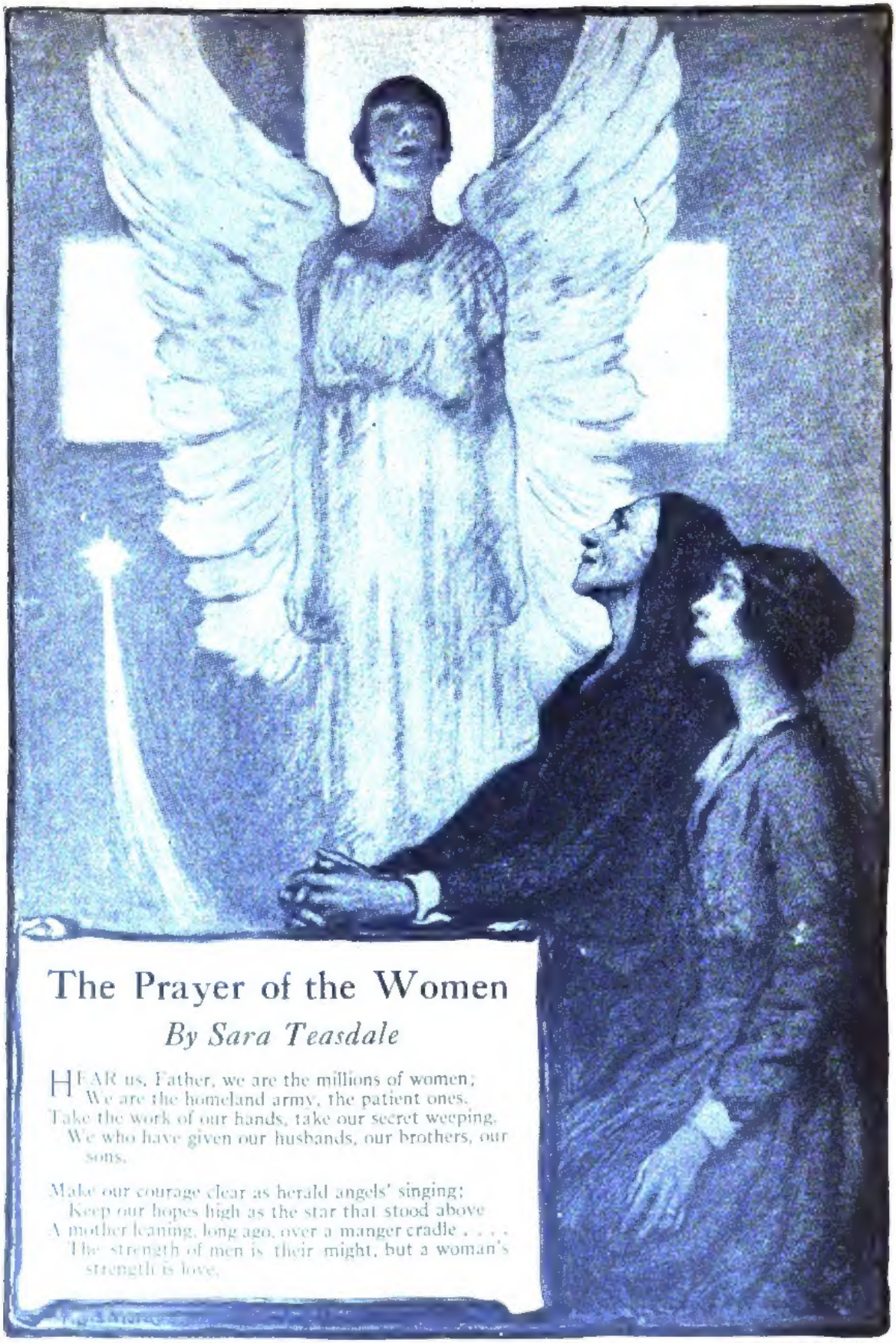

The Prayer of the Women

By Sara Teasdale

HEAR us, Father, we are the millions of women;
We are the homeland army, the patient ones.
Take the work of our hands, take our secret weeping,
We who have given our husbands, our brothers, our sons.

Make our courage clear as herald angels' singing;
Keep our hopes high as the star that stood above
A mother leaning, long ago, over a manger cradle . . . .
The strength of men is their might, but a woman's strength is love.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

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THE DECEMBER
RED CROSS MAGAZINE
Volume 13 1918 Number 12

The Christmas Roll Call

EVERYBODY join up!

This is not a dreary ceremonial. It is a cheerful reconsecration at the season of good cheer, and its collective force means strength and victory and final peace.

You are your brother's keeper. You are the Red Cross. The whole world needs you and is listening for the growing volume of your pledge.

In the lands where the tooth of war has bitten to the bone, where hitherto America had been only the unmeaning name of something very far away, you have carried healing and courage. Your name, the simple name of the Red Cross, has become a synonym of friendship and the surety of relief.

You are warmth to the frozen, medicine to the suffering, food to the hungry, and comfort to the bereaved. And to the American soldier you are "the folks back home." He doesn't want to think that a quarter of you are with him and the rest don't care. He wants to know, and wants the world to know, that you are with him—to a man, to a woman, and to a child. That is what puts heart into him and gives him standing wherever he goes.

And you have got to look him in the face when he comes home.

In the half hundred sleeping camps all over the land he has lain down content in the knowledge that you were there. On the loaded troop ships threading their way through death-infested waters, in the tumultuous hell of many fronts, where the old Star Spangled Banner "still waves," in the wards of pain where your wounded lay, every man has known and been the better for knowing that there was nothing he could need that you would not give.

It is not the gift of money, the answer to the Christmas Roll Call for membership in the Red Cross. It is the greater gift of your faith and your loyalty.

You, all of you, were left at home as the millions of the great reserve. You are the mighty mobile force which tips the scale for victory. There has been no pomp in your service, no gay regalia, no trapping of military splendor and no martial music. Only the simple, gleaming symbol of the Red Cross. You have made it known the world around. It has broken the barriers of language. Every nation understands now its message of hope and help and salvation. Make it unanimous.

You have been the watchmen in the long night of war. Hear the questioning cry of a world weary of conflict, "What of the night?"

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Do not desert the watch. Our own two million fighting men are Over There waiting for the pledge of your united support. A stricken world cries aloud for your unrelaxing help.

In the great week before Christmas you will be called to the Red Cross colors, every man and woman, young or old. There will be no exemptions, just one great voice from all together. Let the answering message that "All is well," ring from every corner of a loyal land.

The American soldier has staked his life against every diabolical form of death. He is just a boy and he is human and he is ours, and he wants the "hail from home."

Let us be prompt, everybody, everywhere, to sound it. Let us stand by till the tattered old flag comes home. As you love the "boy" and the country, make it unanimous.

Faith in the Future of Russia

ONLY a little while ago, when the shadow of Imperial Russia cast itself across the world, the uneasy nations recalled at intervals, in something like dread, the prophecy of Napoleon I—that in fifty years all Europe would be either Republican or Cossack.

In a twelvemonth that disturbing shadow has been dispelled; it has vanished; the colossal figure that made it no longer stands between Europe and the sun. In its stead are the limbs and the body of the Russian State, prone and writhing in the torture of dismemberment.

There is no longer a Cossack peril. It is plain, rather, that the fate of humanity for the next five hundred years hangs to-day on the power of that giant body to reconstruct itself and resume again its normal and proportionate form and function. To be blinded to this fact by victories elsewhere, thrilling and however inspiring to military pride, is to endanger the cause for which we have been fighting.

It is not the province of the Red Cross to wage war. Its bounden business is to uphold the hands of the United States Government, to maintain the ends and the welfare of the American people and their Allies.

The Red Cross, however, believes and has continually believed in Russia and the future of Russia. It believes that, behind and underneath the forces of disorder, there is an immeasurable force, a mighty soul, which, if emancipated and restored, is great enough to complete throughout the world the triumph of right and fair play, and to make sure a perfect, just, and enduring peace.

Russia has been tricked and deceived to her terrible undoing. The solution of her staggering problems must follow the success of her own and her Allies' arms; but her faith, which has been abused and prostituted and shaken, must be reenthroned by such practical demonstration of good will and honest intent as shall leave no room for doubt, suspicion, or disbelief.

As the American spirit of helpfulness has done in France and in Italy, so and more it aims to do in Russia, fully realizing that as Russia is great, in the multitude of her population, in her expanse, in her potential contribution to the world's wealth of accomplishment, so is the task of her redemption great almost beyond imagination. But whatever effort may be demanded, whatever expenditure of means or energy may be involved, they are infinitesimal compared with what this winning of Russian trust and understanding and fellowship means to the future of the world.

It is easy to censure Russia for having been misled; but it is hard to forget that, before her hour of disaster, she had sacrificed six million men to the Allied cause. These men did not pretend to die. They died. It is hard to banish the remembrance that they faced the German batteries again and again without arms or ammunition, thanks to German guile; that they went back in the face of certain death, time after time and dozens of times, until less than a score of men out of a regiment remained to bear away the story of the slaughter.

That man has but a feeble vision who does not believe that a nation of men like this—even though nine-tenths of them be unlettered peasants—is worth saving to the world.

By high accomplishment in arms, by long tradition of friendship when America needed friends, by every consideration of human sympathy and kinship, Russia is entitled to every proof of comradeship that we can offer. There should be and will be no limit of our endeavor to this end, save that of physical possibility.

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Russia in Anguish

A Glimpse of Russia through the German fog

By William G. Shepherd
Former Correspondent in Russia for the United Press

Group of Russian women belonging to the Battalion of Death, showing their boyish faces and their closely cropped hair

A GERMAN fog has gone down over Russia; it will hide this winter a mass of horror.

Helpless Petrograd, lying ready for the Germans, is so rotted with misery and death that she is scorned, even by the enemy. The Germans might have had it six months ago but it is too terrible to possess. So is Moscow. So are other Russian cities the Germans might have taken. Starving folk are dangerous. There is disease among them and, besides, they are desperate. They don't stop to think. They are not logical. They have no respect for kaisers or flags or military rules or for life itself. It is better to stay away from starving folk, at a safe distance, and let them starve. When they are dead their country and their cities still lie before you, ready to be taken without danger.

All the latest news from Russia, some of it coming like flashes through the German fog, justify the statement that Russia is too terrible in her misery to be entered by German troops. I can piece together what I myself saw in Russia, what I have learned from the latest official cables, and first-hand reports from recent travelers, and feel justified in saying that there is a horror going on behind the German curtain in portions of Russia this winter that has no equal in human history; that the Germans saw this horror coming; that they not only permitted it to come, without raising a hand to aid against it, but that they have helped its coming and that they said, in effect, "We will keep our military hands off Russia. Disease, starvation, and death will be our allies and we have only to stand aside—and wait."

The ambassadors are gone from Petrograd; the newspaper correspondents, remaining until they could no longer use the cables or the mails, have gone; the Red Cross men, sticking until the last, dealing out food when almost every crust of bread or spoonful of milk meant saving a human life, were at last forced to go. German diplomats, German correspondents—*but no German Red Cross men*—have taken their places and are hiding the horror from the world. But, with first-hand knowledge of Russia, and sometimes by

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almost sheer mathematical calculation, one can picture a situation in parts of Russia that is almost too terrible to contemplate.

It is safe to say that every baby born in Petrograd this winter has only a half chance for life: that is, one baby out of every two will die for lack of food. A year ago, when the American Red Cross Commission was in Russia, one baby out of every four was dying. At midnight, in those pitch black, bitterly cold Russian nights, I have seen hundreds of desperate, sullen mothers waiting at the door of a milk shop (which would open seven hours later) to get, if possible, the two-thirds of a pint of milk that she was entitled to have for her child. A baby, it is scientifically established, must have a quart of milk a day; if her luck was good each of these mothers got less than half enough milk. Those silent, desperate mothers of Russia, half hidden in the Russian night, wanted the war to end, no matter what the kings lost or won.

There were then 160,000 children under six years of age in Petrograd. Five thousand children were homeless. No child older than three years could have any milk. The American Red Cross men rubbed the magic Red Cross lamp, and canned milk began coming from America in 500,000 pound lots. It went, mostly, to Petrograd; the task of supplying other cities was too great at the time. The American milk, together with the daily supply from Finland and from Riga, brought cheer and hope.

Then the Germans took Riga, and the Riga milk was turned Berlinward. The Germans set Finland against Russia, and the Finnish milk was not allowed to cross the Russian border. There was only the American milk left, except for the scanty supply that came from the districts around Petrograd. We saw the lines of waiting mothers grow—no, not longer. Fewer and fewer of them had babies to feed.

At last there came a time when a ship, carrying milk toward Russia, was ordered to put back toward a British port. The Germans had seized the seas leading to Murmansk. There were still some supplies of milk in Petrograd and an American Red Cross man remained in that suffering city through the blackness of last winter to see that it was distributed to Russian mothers. He was among the last citizens of an Allied country to leave Petrograd. The supply gave out, at last, on April 19, 1918.

There are four and a half million pounds of American milk—fresh and just arrived in Russia

This is a bread line in Nevskii Prospekt, where black bread made of whole barley was distributed. Many of these hungry folks waited until the supply of bread in the shop had been exhausted. Then they hurried away to stand in other bread lines

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The Russian villages are inhabited by farmers who work either in their own fields or as hired laborers. There is food in most farming districts, although in some the German troops seized all the fowl, cattle, and grain. The old man in the picture is a professional gossip and goes from village to village giving the local news and curious pieces of world news. For this service he gets food and lodging

from New York—in the wake of the Allied forces that are pushing their way into the Russian fog and the babies of the great cities of Russia are waiting for the Allies to crush down every barrier and bring them milk.

But other things than milk are scarce in Russia. Here is the story of an average Russian home, very much like the average American home, told by the middle-aged father who had seen a prosperous business dwindle to nothing.

"We first noticed the scarcity of food as a joke. Mother had let the maid go because we hadn't been able to get enough food to keep her going and permit her to take some home to her family. My son and daughter were away at a private school in Moscow and the housework wasn't heavy. One evening, while mother was out in the kitchen cooking supper, I heard her laugh to herself.

"'What's the joke?' I asked.

"'Why, it's so funny to make beet soup with nothing but beets and water and salt. I couldn't get any meat or fat at all to-day.'

"We ate the beet soup that night, with tea and a piece of cheese, and were glad that our two children were being well cared for at school. But, before long, the meatless soup became an ordinary thing.

"Oh, we were glad the children were away at school. Mother finally made a bargain with other women in our apartment house that when she or they got any meat or fat it was to be divided. In this way, every now and then, we would have a very small piece of meat. The cost of meat was not high and we had plenty of money then, but it was only a question of finding a shop where meat was to be had.

"Before long my wife had to stand so long in the bread lines that she had no time to look for meat; and one evening she came home, crying, because she had not been able to get any bread or sugar. The next morning, for breakfast, mother and I had only hot tea, with no sugar or cream in it, and no bread.

"Then spring came and our boy and girl came home from school for their vacations. Mother and I were glad to see them but I found myself looking forward to the time when they could go back to school at Moscow where, I thought, the food was plentiful.

"My daughter, who is fifteen years old, wouldn't let her mother go for bread. She took it upon herself to stand in the bread line. She used to get up very early in the morning—three o'clock, sometimes—and go out to the bread line. It is light in the summertime at thre

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in the morning and we did not worry about her, knowing that many people were on the streets. My son took it upon himself to hunt for meat. All day he used to go about from shop to shop looking for any kind of meat. He is sixteen and smart and lively, and he makes friends quickly. But night after night he came home, without meat. At last several weeks went by without his having any success. Sometimes he was able to buy a piece of fish. Now and then he got a can of fish or meat and we would have a feast.

"My daughter found it harder and harder to get bread. She used to come in at three or four in the afternoon with what she had found. 'I stand in one line until the man comes to the door and tells everybody that his bread is all gone,' I heard her tell her mother one time. 'Then he slams the door so we won't rush into the shop. But I've always got another bread line picked out somewhere nearby. I run over to that one and get in at the tail end and wait. Lots of times the man in the second shop comes out and tells us the bread is all gone. Then I hurry to a third line. I know where all the bread lines are in our neighborhood. To-day I had to stand in four different bread lines before I got this loaf!' One night she did not return home until after seven o'clock. She had no bread and she was crying.

"'Don't cry,' my wife said to her. 'We can get along without bread now and then, if we have to. And you must never stay out after four o'clock in the afternoon. If you can't find bread by that time we will do without it.

"Food! Food! Food! Food! It was all the talk in our home. Books, music, repartee, play, laughter were all forgotten. I found myself at the office wondering whether we would have food for supper. When I got home I found that my wife and children had spent the entire day trying to get food. The rule about my daughter coming home by four in the afternoon went by the boards.

"None of us could joke about it any more. Soon I found myself staying away from the office, hunting food—meat, cheese, canned goods, anything. My business was going to pieces, so it didn't matter. I was drawing on my savings but we had to eat or die.

"Mother and I talked almost every night, after we had gone to bed, about sending the children back to school. We decided that we could worry along through the coming winter somehow, if only they were well fed and warm.

Until the Bolsheviki and Germans took control of Russia, thousands of sane-minded Russian citizens labored to hold public opinion to the Allies. A Liberty Loan Drive was planned and booths and decorations were placed in all the great cities. This photograph shows an armored car festooned with flowers on which attractive girls rode about Petrograd soliciting contributions

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A milk line in Russia. "Of all the lines of waiting folk that I have seen in all the countries in this war, on both sides, those silent, desperate, dry-breasted mothers of Russia were the most pitiful. They wanted the war to end no matter what the kings lost or won"

Petrograd is the coldest metropolis in the world. Shut off from the coal supply in Siberia this winter, its population of two million and a half must depend on wood for fuel. These barges, filled with soft birch wood, were brought to Petrograd and taken through the canals into the city where the scanty supply sold at exorbitant prices

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I had tried to find wood, as usual, for our winter supply, but I couldn't get it for love or money, and we knew that our flat was going to be cold. And the boy and girl were getting thin. We could see it. They weren't getting enough to eat.

"One day a letter came from the school in Moscow telling us that its opening had been deferred a month. At this very moment there were some thousands of boys and girls, homeless in Petrograd, who had been sent back to school by their parents, with only money enough to get to Moscow and had found that the schools would not open. The police had to let them sleep in the station houses.

"Mother and I were disappointed, of course, but we thought we could endure it a month longer. And then, just the other day, I got a letter from the school saying that it would not open at all. The children are to be with me and mother this winter. How in God's name are we to feed them? The days are only six hours long in winter. Shall my daughter and son haunt the dark streets, like dogs, for crusts of bread?" He looked me square in the eye, that grizzled business man, and said, bitterly, "I don't give a —— who wins or loses this war. All I want is to have it over with right away some way or other."

Let me tell you the story to its bitter end. The father hired himself to me for ten rubles to help as interpreter, when one bitterly cold morning I went to the railroad station to have my baggage examined, preparatory to leaving Russia. I was a newspaper correspondent and Russia was full of news, but it was too horrible for me to endure and, beside, I had lost twenty-one pounds in weight.

When we got back to my hotel I invited him to my room. I had half a cheese hoarded there—perhaps four pounds—which I had bought in a distant part of Russia. I gave him the ten rubles which I owed him for his services and then, somewhat diffidently, I brought out the cheese.

"Will you accept this?" I said, with some embarrassment.

"You're going away and you won't need it?" he said slowly, half to himself.

"No! No!" I said, emphatically. "I'll be in Sweden in three or four days where I can get all the food I want."

There were tears in his eyes as he reached out and took the cheese.

"If you only knew what that piece of cheese will mean in my home," he said. "Life is all food, these days. Isn't it beast-like?"

As I look back at that Russian father and mother and their boy and girl, they were like those desperate mothers in the milk line. They had no opinion about the right or wrong of the war. They didn't care how it ended, just so it ended soon. Pride, morals, everything that was decent in the old days had gone. "Life was all food."

The meat and bread that this family did get in Petrograd and the food that the children got at

Many districts of Russia are without medicine. In their own crude way the natives have attempted to make iodine. This photograph shows Russians gathering seaweed in a rough wagon. It is burnt in brick kilns and the iodine is extracted from the ashes

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Petrograd has had its troubles from incendiary fires in munition works. The danger from flying shells and projectiles stopped all river traffic during the blaze

school in Moscow came in larger part either from Finland or Ukraine. To-day it is probably not coming at all. Every American who has visited Russia since the Revolution has scores of acquaintances such as I have described, persons or families whose present plight, behind the German fog, is too terrible to contemplate.

There is one form of fear which we all noted in Russia that is rare in the experience of man, but unspeakably terrible. It is a fear that can come only in a stricken land like Russia. I had it myself and I know very few Americans who did not feel it. An American from Iowa, who had come to Russia to sell locomotives, expressed this fear in good, clear American fashion, when he said:

"I don't want to get off my feed in this land. When you're well you eat this black barley bread and this old meat and fish, but when you're sick—good night! There's no milk or eggs or toast or jelly or cocoa or anything on which to diet yourself back to health."

One of the last cabled cries that was sent out by a Red Cross man from Russia, before the German curtain went down, was: "Send condensed milk, powdered milk, egg powder, rice, cocoa, chocolate, sugar, oatmeal, corn meal and gruel"; all foods for the sick.

Among the last calls from Russia were requests for medicine. On the files of the Red Cross headquarters in Washington there is a telegram from Moscow six hundred words long. It is a message that reverberated around the world, perhaps, for it was so precious and important that it went out from Russia by wireless, when the Bolsheviki held the telegraph, and was caught by hundreds of wireless stations, both German and Ally. The Eiffel Tower station in Paris took it and sent it on to Washington by cable. It is an appeal for one hundred and fifty different kinds of the most common and necessary medicines. Six months ago it came, but, up to this minute, the German-erected barrier stands between the Red Cross and the Russian folk who must be dying for lack of medicine.

And now a new horror is coming on Russia. Germany, not long ago, boasted that she was sending 20,000 Russian prisoners a day back to Russia. They are the sick prisoners; Germany has sent back no others. Almost to the last man, these Russians are sick with tuberculosis, and they are going home to mothers or to wives who must helplessly see them die for lack of food and medicine.

Two cries the American Red Cross got from the centre of Russia before the Germans and their friends took things in hand there. One came last June, from Moscow: "The Russian war prisoners are beginning to return. A large por-

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tion of them are ill, mostly tubercular. The need for medicine and food for the sick is very great and we have nothing to give." The other, from a centre where many returned prisoners were gathered, said, "Send two physicians if you can and four men to help care for eyes here." You can imagine whatever horrors you care to about the eyes that needed attention!

The blackest part of the Russian map, of course, includes the industrial centres and the towns. On this basis it is safe to estimate that 20 per cent. of the Russian population is fighting for its very life. In the country districts the food problem is not so serious, and in every district there is some spinning wheel left from the not faraway days when the Russians wore homespun, and some grandmother still living who can give lessons on it. But as each farm becomes more and more self-contained, the great industrial Russia disappears and a silent vast place dotted only with scattered hovels and poorly tilled farms stands in the place where the great, free, mighty surging Russia might have been.

The sole trouble with Russia in this war, the thing that explains her defection, can be explained in two words: "Empty stomachs." For people with empty stomachs, especially fathers and mothers, don't think rightly; in fact, they don't think at all.

Russia sank from the realm of psychology to the realm of pure physiology. To win her back to the Allies it is our task to fill her stomach and to ease her heavy heart and to set her again in the realm of psychology.

Already the Russian has seen enough of the German to know that the German means him no good. If we feed him and set his mind to working he will see that the free peoples of the world who are coming to his aid mean him nothing but good and that they are seeking to set him up again in the world.

The Allies have sent troops into Russia to take help to the Russian people. Every ounce of medicine, every drop of milk, every crust of bread counts, as much as bullets and shells ever counted on any other front. Every Russian hamlet, town or city that we put behind us in our forward movements in Russia must be properly fed.

We are a relief expedition carrying the necessities of life to good friends who have suffered more for the Allied cause than most of us have suffered or ever will suffer.

Every barrier must be put down whether it be German and Magyar prisoners (who did not contract tuberculosis while they were in Russian camps) or whether it be certain misguided Russians themselves.

Everything in Russia must make way for mercy. The war may be partly won by capturing Berlin, but the finishing touch will be the lifting of the German fog in Russia and a manhunt for Germans in every corner of that vast land.

The bleakness of winter-bound Russia. There are in reality two Russias—the hopeful, buoyant Russia of the summer and the dreary, despondent Russia of the bleak winter, when the daylight in the north lasts only from four to six hours and when temperatures as low as 40 degrees below zero are common

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A poster drawn by F. Luis Mora, for the Child Welfare Movement

The Women's Battlefront

By Marian Bonsall Davis

Illustrated by drawings and posters by F. Luis Mora

"But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. . . ."

THEIR young sons taught American women to smile through their tears very early in the war. To the Civil War tune of "The Old Gray Mare," the youngsters used to start out and come in from their hikes in the early days of the training camps that sent the first regiments to France. Before the khaki had settled to their sturdy figures, you could hear Triumphant Youth sending out the lusty chorus:

For—
Un—cle Sam—mee, he needs—the in—fant—ree;
He needs—the cav—al—ree;
He needs—art—ill—er—ree;
And soon—by Gosh, we'll all go—to Ger—man—nee;
God help Kai—ser Bill!

And in a few months they did go across in the glory of their offered youth, singing. At Château Thierry and St. Mihiel they made good the promise of the last chorus with its slight change of words, for

Un—cle Sam—mee, he gets—the in—fant—ree,
He gets—the cav—al—ree;
He gets—art—ill—er—ree. . . .

As a token and a pledge we have our victories, our hospitals, and our gold stars.

Women who said good-bye to them and to the officers who carried the responsibility of their sacrifice—women obliged to remain behind for the home tasks—did not hear the blasting of the guns, except in their own hearts; they did not see the stretchers, or watch the saluting of the flag, except in their own minds. They had for their training camps, their own kitchens; for their bugle calls, pamphlets on food; for overseas orders, the genius of their race, Imagination.

They heard, and read, and thought great new things. They looked into the clear eyes of their

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"There are two armies marching—a man army and a woman army. Voices of the future sound

sons and it was as if their own had "seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Women keep these things, and ponder them in their hearts. In this war thousands of young wives are meeting lonely motherhood that may mean poverty, or wage-earning double-parenthood, with brave eyes that look ahead twenty years when the children born to-day will approach the new world as its new citizens. And thousands of the childless turn to the tasks of men to release soldiers for the war, that the new world may be born.

If men's part in this crisis is work and war, so women's elemental part may be children and "bread." Working first on this basis, we may know if they have, so far, soldiered well.

Since April, you have seen in many an incongruous place a sign urging the reader to have "the baby" weighed and measured. . . . When the United States entered the war, its women began to look with larger motherhood to the country's children. The Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, with Julia Lathrop as its chief, showed them that 300,000 under five years old die yearly in the United States, half of them from preventable causes.

This Bureau proposed a plan for "Children's Year," beginning on the anniversary of our entrance into war, with the purpose of saving as many as possible of these lives. Conservatively, but with a margin of hope, it estimated that 100,000 might be saved by a campaign of education, vitalized by the weighing and measuring of babies—this being a starting-point for teaching untrained mothers the elements of child-care and physical standards, and giving them clinical opportunities when they needed advice or treatment for their children. It was a way of reaching mothers to let them into the secrets of life which can sometimes turn so much of tragedy into so much of joy.

The women organized through the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense undertook the carrying out of the campaign throughout the country. Half a million babies, it was believed, might be "weighed and measured."

By the first of October about 6,000,000 babies had been weighed and measured; but of still greater consequence is the fact that, as a result, in many places the foundation for permanent child welfare work has been definitely laid. Here, shining through the smoke of war, are a Star, and a Child, and a Hope.

There is a war poster issued by the Food Administration, showing a long, curving line of motor transports in France pushing onward through the snow. Off in the distance is the suggestion of a flag which our allies love to call—for all it is so hard for them to pronounce in English—the Star Spangled Banner. And underneath the picture there is this legend:

> We must not only feed our soldiers at the front, but the millions of women and children behind our lines. — JOHN J. PERSHING, GENERAL.

It is, without special training or imagination, a hard thing to have one's war job do with food: its saving, its preparation, its various manipulations to meet the requests or the rules of the strange new authority of a Food Administration. A food army is not like an army with banners. There is no martial music.

Neither, here at home, is there the visualiza-

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through the guns over there, and here through the roar of traffic and the hum of new machinery"

tion of hosts of hungry and lost children; of old, bewildered refugees; nor the imminent danger of an advancing enemy; nor the sense of one's country devastated and outraged; nor the sound of guns and sight of stretchers; nor shriek of siren warning of the Gothas. There is not that evening service of "Songs and Prayers for our Dear Soldiers," in churches where congregations, in which each family is bereaved, go daily to pray together and renew their strength.

French women, on the spirit of these things, mount up with wings as eagles; they run and are not weary, they walk and faint not. American women send their men across a vast country and across three thousand miles of ocean, into a foreign land, to face death. The majority of them perforce stay behind in the familiar living room, in the familiar kitchen, the clock ticking calmly on—and letters taking a long, long time to come and go. Though some may call it the woman's safety and protection, others will always know it for the peculiar hardness of her part.

And yet—with *food* the women of America have done one of the supremely imaginative things of this war.

They observed the rules, they took the substitutes, they cut their portions, they fed millions of the Allies. And when, last April, the Food Administration made its final appeal to American housewives for the conservation of wheat, telling them there was left but one month's supply (simply stating the fact and making no new rules) *they saved and sent abroad 149,000,000 bushels* before the September harvest.

This coming year of war, 50 per cent. more of staple food commodities need to be saved. The Food Administration needs no new rules. It will again simply tell this fact to American women, who will save that amount.

Neighborliness, in these new conditions, lies close to the heart of things. In Red Cross Home Service—which is literally service in the homes of our soldiers and sailors in friendship ways, medical ways, legal ways, in every human way—there is scope for all one's power of understanding, all one's simplicity of heart, all one's depth of sympathy.

"In pioneer days," said Mr. W. Frank Persons, National Director of Home Service, "when a common foe threatened, the community rallied and fought side by side for the general weal. These are not pioneer days, but there is a new birth of this neighborliness. It is a revelation of the deepest instincts for service which lie in the hearts of the American people.

"Women in every one of the divisions of the American Red Cross, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico, have, with the same great vision, seen Home Service as the elemental right, due from the American people to their defenders. When the first Red Cross Home Service Institutes were planned, to give to volunteer women Home Service workers the training which should fit them for the most delicate and the most essential tasks, there were some who doubted a full enrollment of students. The applications, however, in many instances have been greater than the capacity. This year more than one thousand have graduated from the fifty sessions held at thirty different Home Service Institutes.

"Now," said Mr. Persons, "we have the unprecedented spectacle of a military draft for which men register so eagerly that it is necessary for

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General Crowder to issue advice that legitimate claims for exemption and for deferred classification should be made. It is this same spiritual inspiration that actuates the Home Service workers, who are offering sacrifices and services just as eagerly and just as fully."

In Washington, during the autumn months, the military band from Camp Meigs used to play every other day during the noon hour in the "lot" behind the War, State, and Navy Building. There was always a crowd of war workers from the neighboring Government and Red Cross buildings, passers-by, and a dramatic sprinkling of soldiers, sailors, and marines. Predominant were girl and young woman clerks and stenographers, to whom the Government had sent a call for service to the most out-of-the-way places. They were not in uniform. Nearly everyone sat on the ground; and it was so gentle a crowd, so pleasing a band, so genuine an atmosphere of common understanding, and common effort, and simplicity, that it was a moving thing to see and experience.

The band played always "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Carmen," or "Faust," "Over There," "It's a Long, Long Trail," and finally "The Star Spangled Banner"; and on its first note, soldiers, sailors, and marines stood at salute, and the people seated rose in one great eager wave.

Who shall say what was in those hearts, as the crowd started back to work! Who shall say how important were the Government tasks accomplished because those young girl workers came long distances and typed and checked and filed; and who is not reverent of all those Liberty Bonds purchased from their savings—Bonds which, to youth, could not but have an extra glamor of romance because of the salesmanship of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford!

From those band concerts there were some who went to their tasks in the Department of Labor. And from the desks of the Federal Employment Service there, they saw a vision. Every state in the Union calling for women workers; new professions for women being created; factories spending millions for the training of new workers; a need for every available woman, and for every woman an Opportunity . . . and that Supreme Opportunity, training. A crucial moment for women in the ranks of labor!

"Lists of wanted," such as no country has ever seen before; women wanted for work on optical lenses—grinding, polishing, centering, assembling and inspecting—for the cameras on airplanes, periscopes of submarines, for telescopes and engineering instruments, under the Ordnance Department of the Army. This department is giving courses of training to women workers. The Railroad Administration has organized schools of instruction in several forms of railroad and office work. The Woman's Radio Corps (74th St., and Amsterdam Avenue, New York City) has the approval of the Federal Board for Vocational Training in training women as radio operators for teaching positions, which the Government needs to have filled. One might write many pages of the different kinds of work open to women and which women are filling.

A part of the home army is the industrial army. It needs recruits—very specially does it need trained recruits. The one thousand community labor boards are reaching into every section of the country, acting under detailed instructions from the United States Employment Service.

The War Industries Board is offering, in many large cities, War Emergency Courses in Employment Management. To these courses employers are invited to send men and women of their own choosing, subject to the approval of the section of Employment Management. In the beginning 10 per cent. of the applicants for these courses were women; now 50 per cent. of the students are women.

In very many of the homes or the rooms in lodging places where our industrial women workers live, there are service flags in the windows for men in service. There are two armies marching—a man army and a woman army. Voices of the future sound through the guns over there, and here through the stroke of hammer, the roar of traffic, and the hum of new machinery.

An old Christmas poem begins something like this:

> I saw three ships come sailing in,
> On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
> I saw three ships come sailing in,
> On Christmas Day in the morning.

"And what was in those ships all three?" comes the query of the second stanza. And Christmas, 1918, would seem to answer, "Wheat, and hospital supplies, and garments for refugees." They have sailed into the ports of our Allies during the year with precious cargoes—millions of bushels and millions of cases, made up of offerings from lonely cabins on the prairies, clubs in cities, tenements, palaces, every kind of home, from offices and stores and factories—where employees stayed to work for the Red Cross after the day's work was done—from the thousands of chapter and auxiliary work-rooms of the Red Cross.

In one great expression—not only of national service but of that still greater thing which our men are fighting for—women are working through the Women's Committee of the Liberty

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Loan, through the Hostess Houses and foreign service of the Y. W. C. A., through the varied activities of the Council of National Defense. It is not possible to list all such organized activities, or to suggest the diversity of their services, or to make mention even of the manifold tasks which American women workers are accomplishing overseas.

No word, however fragmentary and incomplete, can be written on American women in this war without the tribute that springs from one's deepest gratitude and admiration for our Army and Navy and Red Cross nurses on active duty—those veritable Soldiers of Life. By virtue of their training they go, as the representatives of all women, to their place of supreme privilege to help at this time of times. More than 18,000 were on military duty in September, and the number may need to be doubled by July.

There are but few women now who can be indifferent to the subject of nursing. Most of them are engaged in that cycle of effort to which the press has educated the public: Coöperation with all local health measures; recruiting pupil nurses for hospital training schools; releasing private duty nurses for greater usefulness — every measure to release graduate nurses for war service.

But it is more intimate, by far, than this. The lists of wounded in the daily casualties are a voice asking all women to keep accurately informed as to what makes them eligible for nursing service. Through the Department of Nursing of the American Red Cross, they may learn what training is required and how it may be procured. If future events make changes in the technicalities governing entrance to nursing service, they must be alert to perceive them. This need they dare not fail.

Our wounded have started to come home. If you go into any one of the base hospitals to which they are brought, you will find that some of their bodies are badly broken, but that their spirit is the spirit that lifts the world.

And here, among them, is a service open to hundreds of women. The Government needs reconstruction aids. "Reconstruction" is a word to thrill us now. It means giving light to the blind, movement to the paralyzed, independence to the crippled, strength to the weak—to these soldiers who have offered their bodies as a living sacrifice.

Reconstruction aids are civilian employees of the Medical Department of the Army. Their work will belong to one of two general classes: the occupational work, which will prepare men to take up regular vocational training; or the physiotherapeutic work, which deals essentially with physical reconstruction. This latter embraces massage, hydrotherapy, electrotherapy and mechanotherapy. It requires training, which the Government is preparing to give, and is already giving in part

There is an immediate need of reconstruction aids. The Surgeon-General's Office, Division of Reconstruction, will answer all requests for information regarding application, courses of training, pay, and other particulars.

"Have you time for me?"

Poster drawn by F. Luis Mora for the Children's Unit of the Educational Dramatic League

This sketch has emphasized *American* women's efforts; but so thoroughly does the American people understand that all they can do is just a national contribution to the stupendous Allied effort, that no apology needs to be made for but a cursory glance over our own field of accomplishment.

It is not only our women who are thinking, as their sons and husbands fall, of the "unbroken sword"; who feel themselves charged with new strength by sorrow which unglorified would leave but desolation. The eternal mysteries seem almost revealed in the light of all this eager, youthful sacrifice.

The deepest thoughts are those which do not permit of words; but women keep these things and ponder them in their hearts.

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Off Duty in an Aviation Camp in France

The flying men have their washing done by a French girl in the near-by town. Twice a week she brings the clean clothes in a little donkey cart. She is always enthusiastically welcomed

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Lights are out at ten o'clock. The aviators sleep in bunks built in two tiers so that four bunks face each other

Three airmen, returning from early morning practice, greet a Red Cross worker at the corner of "Fifth Avenue and Broadway"

Change and recreation are perhaps more essential to aviators than to other soldiers in the war because of their essentially nerve-racking work. Here is an impromptu dancing party at a Red Cross rest room. The music is picked up on the spur of the moment, and the canteen girls are invited to join

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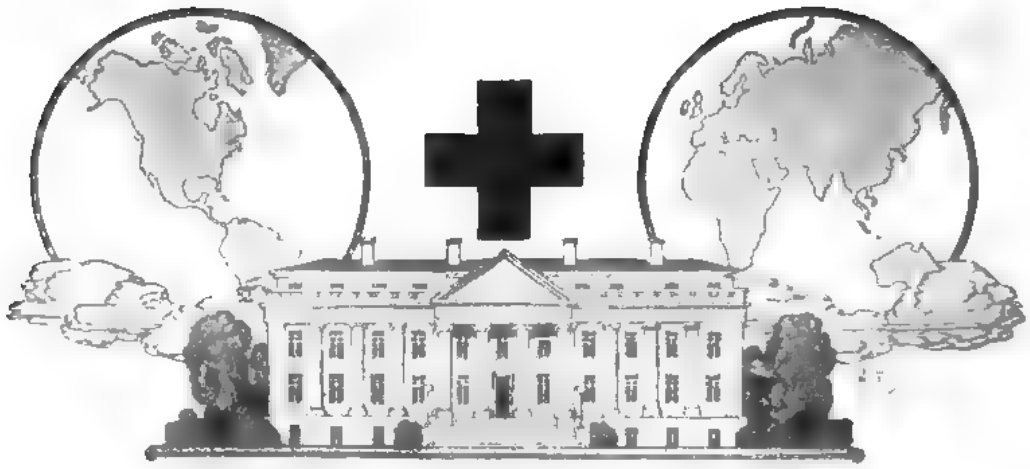

The Business Side of the Red Cross

By Edward Hungerford

Decorations by EDWARD A. WILSON

MR. HUNGERFORD, who is known for his ability to translate complex business into popular terms and particularly for his writings on the romance of transportation, has compressed into short space an outsider's summary of the American Red Cross activities. The complete story would fill volumes. A concise narrative affords only the bird's-eye view. Such a view is skilfully presented here, picturing the humanitarian service which has miraculously kept pace with the ravages of world-wide war.

FROM the Commissioner in Paris comes this cablegram: "Get us six of the biggest circus tents as quickly as you can." Within an incredibly short time this reply goes winging its way back under the sea: "Tents are on their way."

It all is a part of the day's work of the Red Cross. When Mr. Harvey D Gibson, the American Red Cross Commissioner in France, found a short time ago that the absolute limit of storage accommodation for supplies in and around Paris had been reached and that it would be several months before additional warehouses could be constructed, his practical mind went to circus tents to meet the emergency. They would be rain-proof, sun-proof, frost-proof as well. And so, turning to the cable, he ordered the tents; as casually as he might have asked for 10,000 sweaters or 100,000 surgical dressings. And received them as he might have received the sweaters or the dressings, without an hour of unnecessary delay.

In a single day in the great Italian débâcle of October, 1917, half a million refugees were forced back from the Udine into the cities and towns far behind the fighting line. It was a fearful experience. Men and women stood in freight-cars, herded like cattle, and without food or rest. On these frightfully overcrowded trains children were born; while other children and men and women died of exposure. And when the vast horde of these refugees reached their temporary destinations they found conditions little, if any better. It was quite impossible to care properly for them. And for many days thousands of them had to sleep in churches and in

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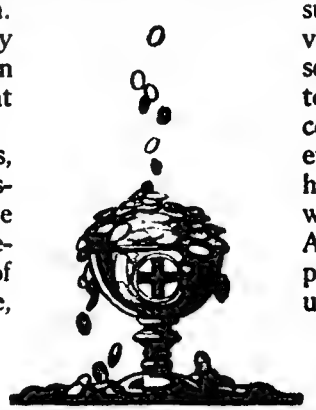
monasteries, with nothing save their own torn clothing between their bodies and the cold, stone floors.

In such a supreme emergency the American Red Cross moved—and moved quickly. A telegram of appeal from our ambassador at Rome reached Red Cross headquarters at Paris in the middle of one forenoon. Before the evening of the following day the Red Cross agents had purchased twenty-four carloads of supplies in the markets of the French capital and had started them toward Italy. That, too, was part of the day's work.

For the day's work of the Red Cross is not merely the ordering, the purchasing, or the manufacturing and the despatching of relief supplies overseas and up toward the fighting lines—although in the seventeen months between our entrance into the war and the first day of September last, some 10,000,000 knitted articles, an equally vast quantity of hospital garments and about 231,000,000 surgical dressings, to take a few instances out of many, had been sent—but the securing and handling of these things, and many, many others, in great emergencies. For you must not forget that the Red Cross is a creature of emergency. It is part of its job to move quickly; and to move well as it moves quickly. With it the unexpected always must be the expected. In this it is like a great metropolitan newspaper, whose plant and staff must ever be adapted toward doing the impossible—and doing it at once.

We all like to think of the Red Cross as a vast humanitarian enterprise—the one gently, idealistic touch in the tragic business of war or other grim catastrophe. In that spirit and to that end it was created; and so it must remain. In truth it is "the greatest mother in the world." And no mother is more loving, more unselfish, more ready to take upon her well-burdened shoulders additional tasks and burdens. But the great mothers of history have ofttimes been practical women, as well as unselfish. And by being practical women they have in almost every instance been more efficient women; more efficient to succor the helpless.

I like to think of the Red Cross, myself, in its vast humanitarian aspects; and yet the business side of the great organization fascinates and delights me. To go behind the scenes of the greatest helping hand of all time, and there see system, precision, and order, is a mighty privilege. The headquarters building of the American Red Cross, in the city of Washington, is a monumental structure—an architectural triumph in cold, white marble, planned as a great memorial long before the coming of the war. Even to-day the beautiful and restful exterior gives no evidence of the whirl of industry within and behind; for far to the rear of the main headquarters building, designed, as we have just said, with no immediate thought of war, stretch great, plain, utilitarian emergency buildings; each a hive of offices and each peopled with hundreds of clerks and desks and typewriters and telephones—all the paraphernalia that go to the making of the cogs and wheels and shafts and cylinders of the great modern machine of business to-day.



And behind these buildings are many others—unseen as one stands in the national capital—buildings here and there across the face of America, in little towns and big; warehouses at ports of embarkation; more warehouses at ports far overseas; and still more warehouses in France and in England, in Rome, and in Vladivostok, in Palestine, in Serbia, in almost every nook and corner of the world into which this monstrous war has stretched its gaunt fingers. In all these warehouses are not merely supplies—food, clothing, hospital dressings, medicines—but more clerks and desks, more typewriters and telephones, more of the cogs of the mighty Red Cross business machine of to-day.

To have builded such a machine in the days before the coming of the war—a carefully planned organization of not merely factories and warehouses and hospitals and transportation but of nearly 10,000 folk as well—would seemingly have been a matter of years. But I have said already that the Red Cross is a creature of emergency. In emergency it was developed—not in years, but in months and even weeks.

"We had to build an organization—and operate it all the time that we were building it," said one of the officers of the organization at Washington. "We had to start to get actual materials and supplies for field relief work at the very hour and minute that we were sending our first working commission to France and were struggling to get competent field relief organization. In every direction raw and inexperienced human material confronted us. We were raw and inexperienced ourselves. And yet, as we confronted the big problem and turned it over between us, we saw light. We began to realize certain definite things. We realized, for instance, that when we needed an executive to supervise

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the turning out of many hundreds of millions of hospital dressings, we did not, after all, need a nurse or a doctor, but a man or a woman who had the experience or the technique to turn out a dressing. We needed an executive. We found such an executive in a lumberman out in the Middle West. We brought him to Washington and he has made good on the job."

The peace-time organization of the American Red Cross was thoroughly efficient—for peace times. War time was another matter. The mere size of the war-time problem was overwhelming to it. It needed help, and frankly asked for it. Help came—came from what corner? From Big Business—that once-derided phase of American life. It was the biggest banking house, not only within the United States but perhaps within the whole world, that sent Mr. Henry P. Davison to take executive charge of the workings of the Red Cross through the war emergency. It was the business world that enabled Mr. Davison to draw to his assistance such experienced counselors as George B. Case, Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., Harvey D. Gibson, president of one of the youngest but most profitable of all the banks of the city of New York, and George E. Scott, who recently became general manager after Mr. Gibson went to France. Mr. Scott is vice-president of the American Steel Foundries Company and, like the others, has left his own business to help the Red Cross during the war. Another is Mr. Charles G. DuBois, the statistical expert of the telephone interests. Then there is Mr. Delos W. Cooke, vice-president of the Erie Railroad, who closed his desk in New York and ran down to Washington to handle transportation for the Red Cross. In the wake of these men were not merely dozens but hundreds of other able, alert, trained executives. These men—just like the rest of us, in their eagerness to serve where they could serve best—brought not alone their experience but their methods. In truth it was Big Business that builded the big business machine of war for the Red Cross—that builded it so quickly and so efficiently.

The first job of these builders of the big war machine was to centralize its activities at the Washington headquarters—at least until it could be got under way and fairly tested. The next job, equally important, was to decentralize the machine; in other words to relieve those selfsame Washington headquarters of what would have been an almost unbearable burden—particularly in a city already congested by war activity close to the breaking point—by the establishment of division headquarters across the land. At one time over 15,000 letters a day were coming into the Washington Red Cross building. In the following out of this policy thirteen headquarters, or sub-machines, working in consonance at all times with the big main mechanism at Washington, were established in important cities all the way from Boston to San Francisco. And a little later, a fourteenth division, having in its charge the many chapters of the American Red Cross outside the boundaries of the United States, was established, with its local headquarters in Washington.

The 4,000 chapters of the American Red Cross—with their 18,000 branches and their 22,000,000 adult members—have no direct dealings with the main headquarters at the national capital. Their activities are directed almost entirely by and through the fourteen division headquarters, leaving for the National Headquarters the careful determination of policy and the broad general survey and supervision of activities. The work overseas is under the control of the war machine

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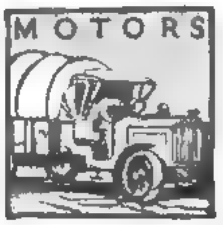
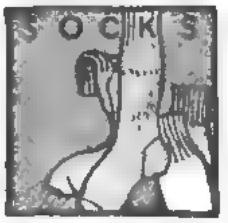
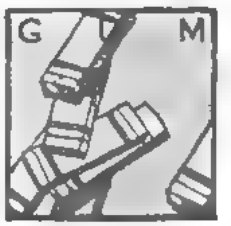
from Washington—its official name by the way, is the War Council—which directs it through commissioners in each of the Allied countries It plans as well to send additional commissions to Archangel, to Siberia, and to Rumania. This organization is simple yet comprehensive. Not only do the divisional headquarters in the United States relieve the National Headquarters but they give supervision and decision thirteen times as efficient. And it is significant that since this organization has been perfected no problem has arisen that is beyond its scope and power.

With the plan of organization definitely established and the securing of a proper personnel well under way, the Red Cross turned its attention to getting materials for its work—in systematic and orderly fashion. Of necessity, some of the first materials had to be obtained in a manner where speed was the objective, and some of the system and order had to be sacrificed. It never has been a question of what is nicest or cheapest, but what is the best. It is almost always so in organizations that are builded with the primary purpose of meeting emergencies. The metropolitan newspaper, with a great and unexpected catastrophe upon its hands—a vast fire, a huge flood, an earthquake, or a war—does not first count the cost. It first goes ahead and does its part; and then, if the emergency continues, begins systematically to handle it in the most efficient manner possible.

So it has been with the Red Cross in this supreme emergency. It never has permitted form or system to delay it in its immediate duty; and yet it has insisted upon both proper form and system in the steady procurement and transportation of its materials. I have told already of the 231,000,000 surgical dressings made and used by the organization in the first seventeen months of its war activities. It is







necessary to ship to France each month more than a million yards of gauze to be used at the base hospitals and at the front. Blankets are a most valuable item in relief work; up to the present time our Red Cross has sent 1,134,000 of these to the warring nations overseas. Drugs, too, are hardly a secondary consideration, not, at least, when one learns that 10,000 pounds is the weekly ether shipment from the United States to France. It is not all circus tents over there.

Neither is it all the grim business of sickness and disease. The Red Cross makes it part of its fundamental policy to give pleasure and comfort to our troops abroad as well as to meet their needs when they are sick and wounded; and in pursuance of this fundamental policy it sends each month to Pershing's boys 500 tons of jam and 1,500,000 packages of chewing gum, in addition to hundreds of thousands of bars of sweet chocolate and vast quantities of such lesser but important items as toothpaste, tooth-brushes, and safety razors.

And just to recall once again that the life of a soldier in war service is not all skittles and beer, please understand that in addition to equipping our boys both in camp here and at the ports of embarkation, the Red Cross has already shipped abroad, to meet their needs in foreign service, 2,689 000 pairs of socks and 1,187,000 sweaters. This is the solid part of the supply job. So, too, is the procurement of portable huts, to be used for dispensaries and hospitals and in some instances for housing isolated detachments of troops or for emergency warehouse purposes—huts which, if erected in a single continuous row, would stretch for more than two solid miles. And the 4,842 motor trucks and motor-cars bought for war service would also stretch a considerable distance; would make a sizable parade down Fifth Avenue, New York, or Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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The purchase of all these vast stores—and the figures which I have just given offer no hint as to the quantities which have been bought in Paris and elsewhere overseas in order to save time and valuable space upon the transports—has been a job not for one man, but for a whole corps of men well trained and systematically organized. Their manufacture has kept many hundreds of men and tens of thousands of women busily engaged, ever since our entrance into the war.

"We felt from the beginning," one of the managers will tell you, "that two of the best ways to interest American women in the Red Cross—the thing that is so close and so vital to their boys—was first for us to do the striking things and then to let them participate in these selfsame things. These were the fundamental principles that led us to develop the great national plan of permitting the women of America to do their direct part by knitting and more knitting and still knitting—but always along systematic and carefully directed lines. In this way we not only standardized our production but greatly stimulated interest.

"Incidentally, this was one of the very first great problems of the business side of the Red Cross: The work that was first offered us was voluntary; voluntary in every possible sense of the word. But there were women who wanted to do one sort of knitting, and women who wanted to do another. There were women who said that they would rather make pajamas than sheets, and some who would rather make sheets than pajamas. And there were women who were insistent that they wanted to turn out supplies for this branch of the service or that, or for certain definite and designated units or hospitals. The spirit that was back of every one of these women was earnest; but it was impossible in so vast an enterprise—with time always a strong guiding factor—to meet their individual requests. So we had to educate them. We simply showed these patriotic women that the real spirit of voluntary sacrifice lay in the willingness to do the thing that was asked; not the thing that the worker, herself, was most anxious to perform. And this we really think we have accomplished. The response was just what can always be expected from the women of America."

With materials purchased, the next step was their transportation—a doubly difficult matter in these recent days when every ship bound overseas was taxed to the uttermost carrying soldiers and munitions to stop the Hun from a further invasion of France and the possible capture of Paris itself. It needed all the tact and all the experience of a veteran and well-trained railroader and shipping expert like Mr. Delos Cooke to solve such a huge problem.

The essence of the transportation job really rested in the ability to keep the Red Cross supplies moving across the Atlantic in an even flow. There must be no lack over there—such a thing would be criminal; yet it would have been nearly as bad to have flooded France with an overplus of materials—a wastage of money and warehousing facilities and transportation and time. To keep goods moving in such a desired even flow of transportation becomes quite largely a problem of proper warehousing facilities at the source, inasmuch as it is not always possible to manufacture in exact proportion to use. This, in turn, meant, in the case of the Red Cross, not only proper warehouses at the thirteen division headquarters in the United States but, more particularly, at the ports of embarkation. The Red Cross solved this phase of the problem as soon as it arose; and solved it so promptly and so efficiently that the first warehouses which it builded in America's chief port of embarkation were immediately requisitioned by the War Department, to solve its own desperate transportation needs at that very moment. To this request the Red Cross, like any other good American citizen, immediately acceded, and began forthwith the erection of another terminal.

In all this we have seen the big war machine of the American Red Cross merely as a spender of money where, as a matter of actual fact, it must at all times earn its own way. No little part of its activities, therefore, have had to go toward finding the wherewithal for its maintenance as well as for the vast tasks that it is undertaking. Two great drives have provided the larger part of these means. In each the sum of $100,000,000 was asked. In the first drive—early in the summer of 1917—the appeal for $100,000,000 was met with returns of over $112,000,000, while that of June, 1918, for the same amount, brought in the staggering total of $176,000,000—and this des-

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pite the many, many demands that the first fifteen months of the war had made upon the generous American purse. The response came from all corners of the United States—it is the boast of the organization that in all this broad land there is not a square mile that is not under direct chapter supervision and from distant corners of the world as well.

This great flood of money, transmuted into other moneys and material supplies, has gone to all our Allies, with little loss in the transmission. It is a significant fact that out of more than four thousand two hundred men and women who are giving their entire time, or practically their entire time, to the workings to the Red Cross in the United States, more than half are without any salary whatsoever. And the highest of the salaries is an inconsequential figure.

Have you ever stood beside a fairly complex machine—a linotype or a silk-loom or a paper-machine, for instance—and, after examining its intricacy of cams and cogs and pedals and shafts, wondered how it turned out its product with such precision and rapidity? So it is with the big business machine of the American Red Cross. You may stand close to any one of its many, many individual activities—the sewing-room of a chapter, a base hospital at the front over there, a canteen at a French railroad junction, a transport receiving its medical supplies—and wonder truly at the coordination of such huge activities. For they do coordinate. The big machine functions; and functions very well indeed. And because it does it so very well, the largest single humanitarian effort in the history of the world is being carried to a successful culmination, without friction and the loss of precious energy.

So much, if you please, for practical business methods in a national emergency.

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Sacramental Bread

By Anne Lewis Pierce

IT IS cold and many are hungry. But the heart of the world is on fire with the intense desire to serve those who die with youthful zest; to "carry on" for those who break the bread of their bodies and spill the wine of their blood in a toast to freedom that voices no thought of self.

"We must hurry," the women say in their hearts, "to keep step with them. We must not be left behind"

War of necessity breeds sorrow. But sturdy optimism, real courage, is not afraid to look somber facts in the face and then turn to the work of wresting a blessing from them.

From a little town in Switzerland, where the claim of freedom is as clear as mountain air, there comes to us an appreciation, a sort of grace, said over the white bread we sent to them.

"One day it came," they write, "the white bread, to all alike, to rich and poor, with nothing to pay, with no humiliations, a free gift from the great generous nation across the sea. It feeds not only our bodies but enfolds us with a sense of safety since it comes as a gracious surety that our great sister republic is determined that no small nation, believing in freedom, shall perish from the earth."

A sacramental bread, this, eaten in brotherhood, with a heart of hope and the growing conviction that in the end Right will always be Might.

Does any woman who shared her wheat with others need any other Christmas feast when she can feed on this message "in her heart with faith and thanksgiving"?

An army of these good women, 14,000,000 strong, answered the challenge to take from their own and give to others. There is no harder call for a woman to meet. They did not have the inspiration of marching together, but each in her separate home met the need. The word went out that the anguished world must have bread, and in less than thirty days the wheat that was streaming into American homes decreased to less than half of its normal volume, and the "vital margin" of food that meant life to our Allies was saved.

And it was not the proud gift of our superabundance that we sent. It was the fruit of humble self-denying, for we poured 142 million bushels of wheat into the outstretched hands of our Allies and we saved virtually all of it from our own tables

All helped, but the woman's part is the dominant one in sharing the hospitality of the home table with humanity. Never again can it be said that women are only personal in their sympathies, that they see no farther than their own garden gate. The vibrant fact that we have shared our plenty (a plenty that threatened to breed weakening luxury if unshared) with the struggling free peoples, the laying away forever, as one discards a doll for a living child, the notion that we are a people apart, safe and secure and unconcerned with Old World problems; the quickening consciousness that we arrived in time to lay our sacrifice on the Altar of Freedom—all of these are blessings, won from the dark War Angel.

The Christmas communion that American women take together,—all those who answered the call to save wheat, to be loaf-givers,—is the dawning in millions of hearts of what it means to mother the world.

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Wanted—Books for the Soldiers!

Some personal experiences at Camp Zachary Taylor

By Alice Hegan Rice

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

WHEN conscription for the National Army was first put in motion it was like a huge dragnet reaching down into the tranquil waters of civilian life and drawing up thousands of young men into the complicated meshes of war. It was practically the first time that Young America had suffered coercion, had felt the least restraint on that glorious freedom which was its birthright. It was a stupendous thing to ask of these youths suddenly to lay down their various vocations and ambitions and submit unquestioningly to a great unknown authority which, for an unknown time, was arbitrarily to control not only each detail of their daily lives but their destinies as well.

In recognition of the debt the nation owed to them, the President appointed a Commission on Training Camp Activities, one of the most important phases of which was the task of supplying reading matter for the American Army and Navy both at home and abroad.

The Commission wisely turned this branch of the service over to the American Library Association, with the modest request that it undertake to furnish books for the forty-three cantonments, each of which contained more than thirty-five thousand men, to say nothing of the outgoing transports, the innumerable smaller camps and aëro and naval stations scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts.

It was an order sufficient to stagger the most courageous, but Dr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, who was director of the work, was equal to the emergency. "A Million Dollars for a Million Books for a Million Soldiers," was the request proffered to the American people.

We are all familiar with the book campaign that followed, with the fact that more than a million and a half dollars were raised, and two million books donated. What the general public does not realize is the far-reaching results of that campaign.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has such a variety of types, occupations, and races been gathered together as is represented in the National Army. The men are not soldiers in the professional sense; they are lawyers, doctors, artists, clerks, laborers, mechanics, and hoboes—men of every class and every creed—not gathered together as a heterogeneous mass, but bound together by a great and unifying principle.

Three months after the establishment of the camp libraries, 40 per cent. of these new-made soldiers had become their patrons. No other form of camp recreation, not even the ubiquitous movies, can show such a record as that! But it is not alone as recreation centres that the camp libraries are used. War to-day is a science, and the soldier who seeks promotion must acquire definite knowledge of the machinery of war. Books on aviation, signaling, on the technique of drilling, on airplanes, gas engines, hydraulics, electricity, are in constant demand. Mechanics who have never been inside of a library are learning the use and advantage of technical books.

But it is not of camp libraries in general that I am best qualified to speak. My work for the past year has had to do with the hospital library at Camp Zachary Taylor and, while it has presented its individual problem and furnished its quota of comedies and tragedies, it is perhaps only typical of all the work that is going on in all the base hospitals abroad as well as at home.

When the cantonment was first built and the task of distributing reading matter among the eighteen hundred sick soldiers was turned over to my small committee, we were confronted with the fact that the hospital was half a mile from the camp library, that there was no provision in any of the wards for books, and no means provided for moving them from one ward to another. After obtaining permission from the adjutant and valuable assistance from the Y. M. C. A., we managed to install a three-foot book shelf in each of the fifty-eight wards of the base hospital. Then came the task of filling them. The main library agreed to give us ten volumes to a shelf to start with, and we borrowed the food cart

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from the officers' mess, and set about distributing them. But the placing of books on the shelves was only the beginning of our labors; for only the men who were up and about could make use of them, and it was soon evident that our task was to establish a circulating library on a unique plan. Armed with baskets full of books, carefully selected and placed with titles up, we went from ward to ward and bed to bed proffering our wares.

At first our mission was misunderstood. Some of the boys thought we were selling the books, and offered to pay for them. To many the idea of a free library service was quite new. Nine out of ten of the patients would view us with suspicion: "No, I ain't any hand for reading," was the most frequent response in those early days. But the tenth man, probably, would be sitting up in bed, waiting for us with eager eyes. "I been watching for you," said one. "I was skeered you'd come while I was being operated on."

The reading habit spread like the measles. The man who on our first visit said, condescendingly, "Oh, I jest as soon read it fer ye as not," later boasted that he had read more books while in the hospital than he had ever read in his whole life before. He had read six!

The main difficulty in circulating the books lay in the fact that some wards were "contagious" and some were not. For instance, the books might circulate from one measles ward to another, but not from a measles to a mumps ward. In extreme cases, such as empyema or meningitis, the books, of course, were never moved from the ward. This, together with the fact that patients are constantly being transferred, made classification and cataloguing out of the question. The one duty of the volunteer librarian was to connect the man with the book that would interest him. Some wanted only books that they had read before. One husky Virginian, recovering from mastoiditis, asked if we had ever heard of a book called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In the same ward an Italian, a plasterer by trade, asked for Dante's "Inferno" and "Romola."

At the Knights of Columbus building at Pelham Bay, the American Library Association distributes technical books to sailors. Nearly 600,000 of these technical books have been bought by the Association for the sailors and soldiers

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One of the joys of being convalescent — and also of being unable to use one's eyes for reading — is to have the printed words read to one by an interesting Red Cross worker!

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The librarian in the Red Cross House at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. The Library Association is operating over 800 libraries at various camps, at naval stations, and overseas

Often a man is able to get through a tedious convalescence by the aid of some special book. I remember one poor chap who lay for weeks with heavy weights attached to his legs, undergoing a painful corrective treatment. He only stopped reading long enough to eat. His invariable remark was, "You picked me a good one. As long as I am reading I forget the pain."

Frequently we find men who want books on special subjects. For instance, there was one frail, sensitive young man, from a small town in Illinois, who was on fire with the desire to be an artist. He had read everything he could get hold of about the old masters, and in a burst of confidence told us that he had enlisted with the one thought of getting to Paris and seeing the Louvre. That he knew the great artists and their works by sight was quite evident, but that he was not on speaking terms with them was evinced by the fact that he made frequent allusions to one Ti-Ti-an, who proved to be no other than Titian.

Another request came for a book on manners from a rough diamond, who longed to be polished. At the end of a week he handed back the book on etiquette that had been given him with the remark that "he couldn't get on to the very first page." On investigation we found that the opening paragraph assured the aspirant to social distinction that it is not necessary to take full dress on a week-end party, as a Tuxedo is regarded as quite proper.

In proffering the books from cot to cot it is amusing to see the way the illiterates find excuses for not reading. Some claim impaired eyesight, others "ain't no hand fer it." One beguiling Irishman, on requesting me to write a postal card for him, got around it by saying: "You write it fer me, sister, you can say it prettier ner I can." But in most cases there is the frank and pathetic confession, "I don't know how to read ner write."

In one draft of 9,500 at Camp Taylor, 800 were illiterates. Of these 100 were foreigners, leaving 700 illiterate white Americans! General Hale stated in print, that out of 40 of these selected at random, only one knew what we were fighting for, only ten knew whom we were fighting, and many of them knew neither the state they were born in nor the state they were now living in. These facts seem incredible, until one considers that many of the recruits at Camp Taylor come from the Tennessee and Kentucky moun-

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tains, and have had little chance of receiving even the most rudimentary education. The story is told of one lank mountain boy who, on reaching camp, was surprised to find that he was not in France. "They tole me," he said, "that I'd ride on a railroad train, and crost a big body of water to git to France and I done it."

Another young chap was asked by the chaplain where he came from. "Hardin County, Kentucky," was the prompt response. "What part of the state is that?" asked the chaplain. "I don't know, partner," said the boy. "I ain't no scholard."

What the army is doing for such mountain boys alone is amazing. These stalwart young Americans, hitherto out of touch with modern progress, proud and ambitious but wholly inarticulate, are getting their chance for the first time in their lives. Their education is being conducted on a generous and thorough plan. Four nights in the week school is held in the mess halls, and sometimes there are as many as twenty-two hundred pupils.

When we find illiterates in the hospital, we begin to teach them to read and write while they are still in bed. I have seen intelligent looking men of more than twenty-five, who did not recognize their names when they saw them in print. To these we bring primers and first readers and copy books, and they wrestle with c-a-t cat and b-a-t bat, with the same grim determination they have shown in tilling the soil and hewing the forests in their mountain homes.

Now that a Red Cross House has been opened in the hospital grounds, classes are held for convalescents every afternoon, the Louisville school teachers volunteering their services for the work. From sixty to seventy pupils are already enrolled. A room has been set apart for the hospital library, and a trained librarian is in charge to coöperate with the committee of volunteers. In this way we are enabled promptly to supply the needs of the men, to keep on the shelves not only good, bright fiction and technical books, but foreign books and magazines as well.

The problem of the foreigner has been a difficult one. Russians, Poles, Italians, Swedes, Greeks, all pass through the long hospital corridors. Often they read very little English, and we must find them simple books which they can understand. These, generally dubbed "Dagos," are the butt of the other boys' wit, and it is sometimes hard to persuade them to study English on account of the teasing. One day I was teaching a fine-faced Italian boy, named Larry, the alphabet. From the adjoining cots came a chorus of jeers: "Larry don't know his A, B, C's. He don't know a p from a q," etc. In order to relieve the situation I announced that I was teaching him the English alphabet, and he was going to teach me the Italian, and if any other boy was smart enough to know the alphabet in two

The American Library Association operates trucks with book cases which distribute books to the various camps. The association too has already sent nearly a million books overseas

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languages, he was to hold up his hand. This had the desired effect. But before I left Larry whispered, in agonized embarrassment, "Lady, I can no teacha you Italian alphabet. I can no reada, no writa my own language."

Another interesting and inspiring opportunity presented to the hospital librarian is that of meeting the moral needs of the men. The awakening of the religious instinct in this world war has been a matter of general comment. But its reason is not far to seek. The men are meeting new conditions, adjusting themselves to the amazing fact that they are preparing to kill their fellow men or be killed by them. Homesickness, loneliness, domestic worries assail them. Many a boy has been found sobbing into his pillow, when a moment before he had saluted the inspecting officer with a smile. A large percentage of them are suffering physical disability for the first time. Hundreds are undergoing operations for appendicitis, hernia, and other troubles of long standing; many others are having severe corrective treatment for misplacements of one kind and another. And a small number are facing problems that are harder to meet than the shrapnel of the enemy—the discovery that they have tuberculosis, or organic heart trouble, or coming blindness. Few people understand that this class, when pronounced by the Disability Board unfit for service, are not sent home, but are treated by the best specialists the Government can obtain so long as there is the slightest chance of their recovery. It is doubtful whether the first-aid stations behind the firing line afford any more poignant tragedies than these eager young soldiers, many of them volunteers, who, keen for life and all its glorious opportunities, are commanded to halt by a voice grimmer than Death's and harder to obey.

Is it surprising that in such cases men turn for comfort to religion? Through the Y. M. C. A. thousands of small khaki-covered Bibles are furnished us for circulation, and one has only to walk through the wards to see the use that is being made of them. Sometimes one gets a refreshing point of view from a man who is being introduced to the Scriptures for the first time. I remember offering a novel to a former bartender before I noticed that he was absorbed in the Bible. "No," he said, without looking up, "I don't want to read nothing 'til I see how this here turns out."

The question of magazines has been a perplexing one to the camp librarians. The first call for them resulted in a general cleaning out of attics, and a deluge of old copies of periodicals as hopelessly antiquated and unfit as the "Undertakers' Review" for 1899. Appropriate magazines of the current year are in constant demand. Camp Zachary Taylor receives from five to thirty sacks of magazines a day. These are sorted, the best ones placed in Y. M. C. A. huts and in the hospital, especially in contagious wards, and the unfit are sold for old paper. As a rule, magazines prove of less use in the hospital than books; they are glanced at and tossed aside, whereas a good book will hold the attention for days. Home papers, on the contrary, are greatly in demand, and many editors of small country newspapers are rendering real service in sending copies to the base hospital. When Private Wm. Jones reads in the *Smithville Express* that "Miss Ferney Wilson spends all her time up at the post office waiting for letters from Camp Taylor. How about that, Bill?" he begins to improve at once.

The great objects of the library work are to help win the war by keeping up men's courage, providing right recreation, and setting high standards, and to carry on the great work of reconstruction by educating the men through directed reading.

For this latter work the Government is planning the greatest educational work ever conceived. Every disabled man discharged from the hospital is to be given, if he desires it, a thorough course of vocational instruction in the trade or profession for which he is best suited. Think of a free technical education, under the supervision of the best vocational teachers, for every man who wants it! The training is begun at the patient's bedside and continues as long as it is necessary to make him competent.

In all this work books play an increasingly important part. General Pershing has called for fifty tons of books a month to help win the war. Each soldier that goes up the gang-plank of a transport is given a book to read on the journey, with the request that he carry it ashore when he reaches a French port. Here they are gathered up and forwarded to the trenches. The demand for books never ceases. They receive hard usage and are short-lived. The supply must be continuous to meet the demand.

The American Library Association has started a campaign to collect books for the soldiers and sailors, and the campaign is to continue during the period of the war. Two million more books are needed at the present time to stock the libraries and recreation buildings in this country and France. By supplying the fiction, the public enables the American Library Association to buy those technical books which are so necessary, not only for the soldiers who are going over, but for the disabled and, please God, victorious soldiers who are coming back!

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When the Snow Flies

Four winter scenes of Red Cross work painted by S. J. WOOLF

Starvation will stalk in Russia this winter. But closely in the wake of the Allied armies advancing into Russia is the Red Cross with food and clothing, condensed milk for the babies, medical supplies, and all the things desperately needed by the Russian people

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A winter's morning at a first aid dressing station just behind the fighting line Here the first necessary dressings are made before the men are sent by am bulances to the eva uation hospital and on to the Red Cross hospital train

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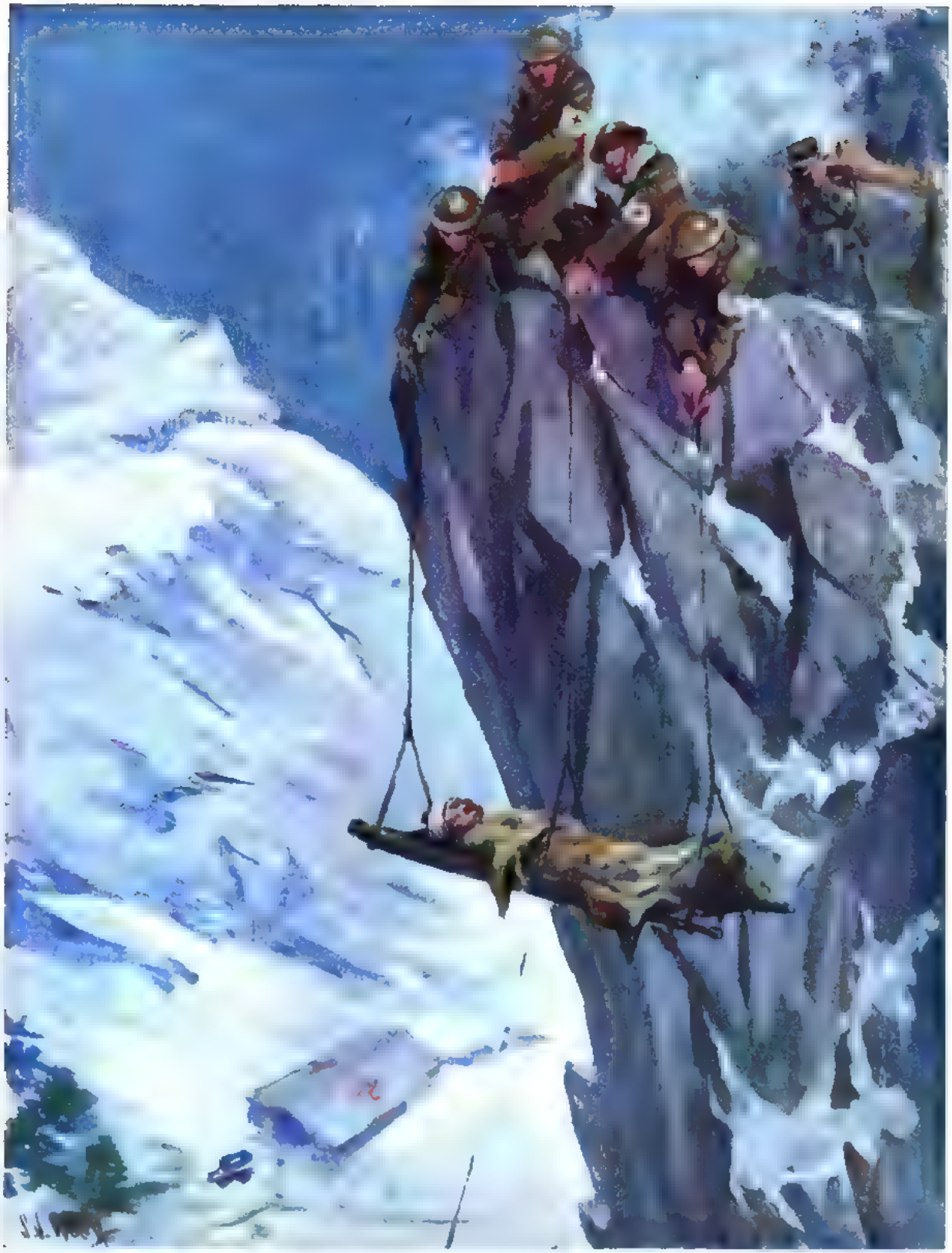

The Italians in their mountain lines are fighting under appalling difficulties. The wounded men have to be lowered down precipices, often more than a thousand feet high, to emergency hospitals or waiting ambulances below

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Even in the depth of winter, no matter how remote and lonely the soldier's family may be, the Home Service worker makes her regular and appointed rounds, bringing medicines and needed supplies, and in this case Christmas cheer, to the dauntless household

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In the Great Allied Drive

From letters written on the battlefield and in the hospital

By Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, C. F. A.

Author of "Out To Win," "Carry On," "The Glory of the Trenches"

JULY 10th, 1918.

I AM delighted to see that every day the prophecies I made in "Out to Win" are coming true. The attack that the Americans put over on July 4th is, to my mind, one of the most significant things that has happened yet. Their battle-cry, "*Lusitania!*" says everything in one word concerning their purpose in coming to France. If I were a Hun I should find it more terrifying than the most astounding statements of armaments and men. I can picture the enemy in those old shell holes of the Somme that I know so well. It is early morning and a low white mist steals ghost-like over that vast graveyard, where crumbling trenches and broken entanglements mark the resting places of the dead. The enemy would be sleepy-eyed with his long vigil, but with the vanishing of night he would fancy himself safe. Suddenly, hurled through the dawn comes the cry, "*Lusitania!*" It must have sounded like the voice of conscience—the old and boasted sin for which medals were struck, the infamy of which was worn as a decoration, rising out of the past to exact suffering for suffering, panic for panic, blood for blood. Whoever chose that battle-cry was a poet—he said everything in the shortest and most rememberable way. America is in France to act as the vengeance of God. She has suffered in the spirit what France has suffered in the flesh; through being in France she has learnt from the French the justice of passionate, punishing hate. I can think that somewhere beneath the Atlantic the bodies of murdered children sat up at that cry; I can believe that the souls of their mothers went over the top with those American boys. "*Lusitania!*" The white-hot anger of chivalry was in the cry.

Yes, and we, too, are learning to hate. For years we have hesitated to dogmatize as to which side God favors; but now, since hospitals have been bombed and the women who came to nurse us have been slaughtered, Cromwell's religious arrogance has taken possession of our hearts—"Let God arise, and His enemies be scattered." When it was only we men who were wounded and killed by the Hun we could afford to regard him with an amused tolerance, but now——. This is how much we have changed: We should welcome our chance to kill at close quarters and to forget mercy. This time last year we were proud to say that we had no personal animosity for the individual German; it sounded so strong and impartial. We don't feel that way now; we can't feel that way. At last, because of our women who are dead, we have learnt the magnanimity of hatred. Germany has entered a new phase of the war—a phase which her persistent brutality has created. She will find no more smiling faces on our side of No Man's Land when she lifts up her hands, shouting "Kamerad!" We are not her comrades; we never shall be again so long as our race-memory lasts. Like Cain, the brand of murder is on her forehead and the hand of every living creature is against her. When she pleads with us her common humanity, we will answer "*Lusitania!*", and charge across the Golgothas and the mists of the dawn. No truth of the spirit which her voice utters will ever be truth for us again. It has taken four years to teach us our lesson; we were slow; we gave quarter; but we have learnt it.

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AUGUST 13th, 1918.

I haven't seen a paper for nearly a fortnight, so don't know what news of the front has been published and can risk telling you nothing. Suffice it to say that I'm having the most choice experience that I've had since I took up soldiering. We are winged persons—the body is nothing; to use Homer's phrase, "our souls rush out before us." This is the top-notch of life; there was nothing like it before in all the ages. We triumph; we each individually contribute to the triumph and, though our bodies are tired, our hearts are elated. We'll win the war for you and bring back peace.

I try to keep notes of the tremendous tragedies and glories which I witness hour by hour, so that one day I can paint the picture for you as it happened. All day I am reminded of that motto of the Roman stories, "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have." So many men have given in this war—given in the sense of giving all. I think it must be true of them wherever they are now, that they *have* in proportion to their sacrifice. It should be written on the white crosses above all our soldiers, "*What He Gave, He Has.*" What we are trying to give is heaven to the world; it is just that those who fall should receive heaven in return.

AUGUST 14th, 1918.

I am writing to you in a lull—I may not have another opportunity for days. In a battle one has no transport for conveying letters—only for ammunition, wounded, and supplies. I'm stunningly well and bronzed. The weather is royal and tropical and, best of all, the Hun's tail is down while ours is pointing heavenward. One of my gunners was complaining this morning that it was "a hell of a war." Another gunner cheered him up. "Where's the use complaining, Bill? It's the only war we have."

That's the spirit of our men. It may be a hell of a war, but it's the only one we have, so we may as well grin and make the best of it. In the past few days I have seen more than in all my former experience. I can visualize Waterloo now—and the last trump: the hosts of death deploying before my eyes. That one still walks the earth seems wonderful. God is very lenient.

But there is nothing to fear in death—only the thing that is left is horrible—and how horrible! But the things that are left are not us—we have pushed onward to God.

AUGUST 17th, 1918.

I'm up in the support trenches to-night carrying on with the infantry. This is my third day and I am relieved to-morrow. Yesterday I had a gorgeous spree which I will tell you about some day. I was out in front of our infantry in an attack, scouting for the enemy. This war may be boring at times, but its great moments hold thrills which you could find nowhere else. It may sound mad, but it's extraordinary fun to be chased by enemy machine gun bullets. I've recently had fun of every kind.

Once again death is a familiar sight—tired bodies lying in the August sunshine. In places where men once were, birds are the only inhabitants remaining.

In this hole in the ground where I am sitting I found a copy of the New York *Times* for June 30th, with the first advertisement of "Out To Win." Less than thirty hours ago the Hun was sitting here and making himself quite comfortable. I wonder if he, too, was reading the New York *Times*.

AUGUST 19th, 1918.

I was relieved last night, and had a difficult walk back to the battery. There were several letters from you all awaiting me. How tired I was you may judge when I tell you that I fell asleep without reading them. For the first time in a fortnight I had my clothes off last night. Up forward one got drenched with sweat by day and lay sodden and itchy on the damp ground by night. But don't think we weren't cheerful—we were immensely happy. There is no game in the world like pushing back the Hun. I had another example of how we treat our prisoners. A young officer came in captive while I was shaving. "How long before we win?" I asked him. "We are going to vin," he replied. "If not, vhy not?" Our Tommies started kidding him. "Say, bo, you don't look much like winning now." And then they offered him water and food, although we were short ourselves and his whole deportment was insolent.

During an attack, while I was within 200 yards of the advanced post and pinned under a barrage, a Canadian Tommy wormed his way toward me. "Say, sir, you hungry? Have some maple sugar and cake?" Was I hungry! He had received a parcel from Canada the night before which he had taken with him into the attack. There, amongst whizz-bangs and exploding five-nines, we feasted together, washing it all down with water from the bottle of a neighboring dead Hun.

You can't beat chaps who joke, think of home, go forward, and find time to love their enemies under shell-fire. They're extraordinary and as normal as the air.

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AUGUST 20th, 1918.

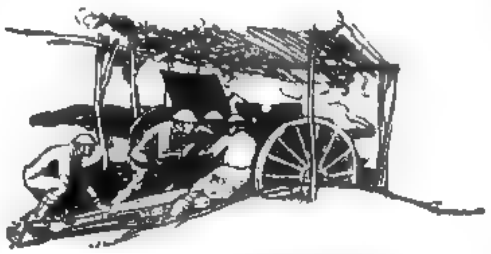
To-day I have spent some time in composing recommendations for decorations for two of my signallers who were with me in my latest show. One of the lucky fellows came straight out of the death and racket to find his blighty leave-warrant waiting for him. Not that I really envy him, for I would not leave the front at this moment if there were twenty leave-warrants offered to me. I suppose I'm a little mad about the war

I am still very tired from my last adventure and am limping about with sore feet—but I'm very happy. I begin to feel that we are drawing to the end of the war. The Hun knows now that the jig is up. He was going to have defeated us this summer while the Americans were still preparing—instead of that we are pushing him back. I do not think he will gain another square yard of France. From now on he must go back and back.

This moving battle has been a grand experience; it enables you to see everything unfolding like a picture—tanks, cavalry, infantry, guns. The long marches were very wearying and we were always pushing on again before we were rested. Not that we minded—the game was too big. The first day of the attack I pushed out into the open fields, following up the Hun. I had the huge felicity of firing at his retreating back over open sights at a range of less than a thousand yards. We pushed so far that night that we got in front of our infantry and were turned back by enemy machine-gun fire. The Hun is a champion runner when he starts and is difficult to keep up with. However, we caught him up several times after that and helped him to hurry a bit faster. I never saw anything finer in my life than the masses of cavalry mustering—the way the horses showed their courage and never budged for shell-fire set an example to us men. The destruction burst in the midst of them, but they stood like statues till the order was given to advance. Then away they went, like a whirlwind of death, with the artillery following at the trot and coming into action point blank. I came across one machine-gun emplacement that a horseman had charged. The horse lay dead on the top of the emplacement, having smothered the machine gunner out of action. That day, when I was off by myself with my two guns, I fed my horses on the oats of the fallen cavalry and my men on the rations in the haversacks of the dead infantry. In the ripe wheat the dying stared at us with uninterested eyes as we passed. The infantry, going cheering by when we were firing, waved their hands to us, shouting, "That's the stuff, boys. Give 'em hell!" We gave them hell, right enough. I've come through without a scratch and now I'm off to bed. Don't worry if I don't write you—it's impossible sometimes, and I'll always cable through London as soon as I can.

On September 2nd Lieutenant Dawson was wounded. The wound was at first reported as "gunshot wound in the head"; but in a brief note received a few weeks later it was stated that it was caused by shrapnel from an exploding whizz-bang, which pierced the temple.

The following letter was written from the Prince of Wales Hospital for officers, in Marylebone Road, London, to which the writer was taken as soon as he could be moved from France.



SEPTEMBER 8th, 1918.

I've returned from this offensive with a very healthy hatred of the Hun. One of our tanks, commanded by a boy of twenty, got too far ahead and was captured. When the rest of the attacking line caught up, they found him stripped naked and bound to his tank—dead. The brutes had bombed him to death mother-naked. When I tell you that no prisoners were taken for the next twenty-four hours, I think you will applaud and wonder why the twenty-four hours wasn't extended. The men said they got sick of the killing.

Why we are decent to these vermin at all, amazes me until I remember that I also am decent to them. I think the reason is that originally we set out to be good sportsmen and are ashamed of being forced into hatred. All the way down the line the German wounded received precisely the same treatment as our own men—and treatment that was just as prompt. At the Casualty Clearing Station German officers sat at table with us and no difference was made. On the Red Cross train they were given beds in our carriage and our English sisters waited on them. I thought of how the German nurses treat our chaps, spitting into the food and the cups before they hand them to them. Every now and then you would see a wounded Canadian hop up the carriage and offer them cigarettes. They sat stiffly and insolently, with absurd yellow gloves on, looking as though every kindness shown was a national tribute to their superiority. There were so many of us

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that at night two had to lie on beds made for one. The Germans refused; they wanted a bed apiece. When they were told they would have to sit up if they would not share, they said they would sit up. Then the sister came along to investigate the disturbance. They eyed her with their obstinate pig-eyes, as though daring her to touch them. She told them that if they wanted to sit up all night they would have to do it in the corridor, as they prevented the bed above them from being pulled down. At the end of fifteen minutes they decided to share a bed as all of us had been doing, but they muttered and grumbled all night. There were a good many of us who wished for a Mill's bomb and an open field in which to teach them manners. It seems to me that the German is incorrigible. He was born a boor and he can never respond to courtesy. Kindness and mercy are lost upon him; he accepts them as his right and becomes domineering.

If any peacemaker thinks that Christian forbearance and magnanimity will make for a new brotherhood when peace terms are formulated, he is vastly mistaken. The German is a bully and the only leadership that he acknowledges and the only righteousness to which he bows, are the leadership and the armed force of a person stronger than himself. Sentimental leniency on the part of the Allies will only make him swell out his chest afresh.

You may have seen the account of a booby-trap which the Huns left behind—a crucified kitten. They banked on the humanity of our chaps to release the little beast, and the moment the first nail was drawn it exploded a mine which killed our Tommies. In contrast to this is an incident which occurred the night before our attack on the Hindenburg line. A hare, frightened by shell-fire, came panting through our gun position. Some of the fellows gave chase, till at last one fell on it and caught it. It started to cry like a baby in a heart-rending sort of way. We hadn't had very much meat and the intention in catching it had been to put it in the pot: but there was no one who could face up to killing it—so it was petted and set free again in the wheat. Queer tender-heartedness on the part of men who next morning were going to kill their kind! Their concern, when the little beast began to sob, was conscience-stricken and ludicrous.

Later Lieutenant Dawson was able to leave the hospital long enough to attend the dinner given in London in September to the group of American journalists. He had to appear in his grimy, worn, field uniform, the only available clothes, but his head was swathed in nice fresh bandages.

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ABOUT TO EXPIRE?

THE increasing demand for THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE *makes it necessary, in view of the acute shortage of paper, to limit the number of subscriptions that can be accepted during the Christmas Roll Call. If your subscription expires during the next two or three months, send your renewal at once to the secretary of your local Red Cross branch or chapter.*

Do not wait until the Christmas Roll Call, which will be a time of great rush for both chapter and Magazine workers.

You will find a coupon for your convenience in the advertising section of this number of the Magazine.

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How it Feels to be Submarined

Told to Emily Frances Robbins by a Ship's Officer, a Soldier, and a Stoker

Illustrated by ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"The women were taken forward, ropes were placed under their armpits and they were lowered down by hand"

The Ship's Officer's Story

BEING submarined is not the soul-racking experience that people think it is; it is not so full of thrills and excitement as one would imagine. As an adventure it is rather disappointing, because everything that follows just evolves naturally.

Just before we were hit, I was talking to a young lady on deck. She asked me if there were any danger of our being torpedoed, and was evidently a little nervous. I replied that I did not think so because it was getting dark and we were practically out of the danger zone. The words were hardly out of my mouth when a torpedo hit us forward of number two hatch.

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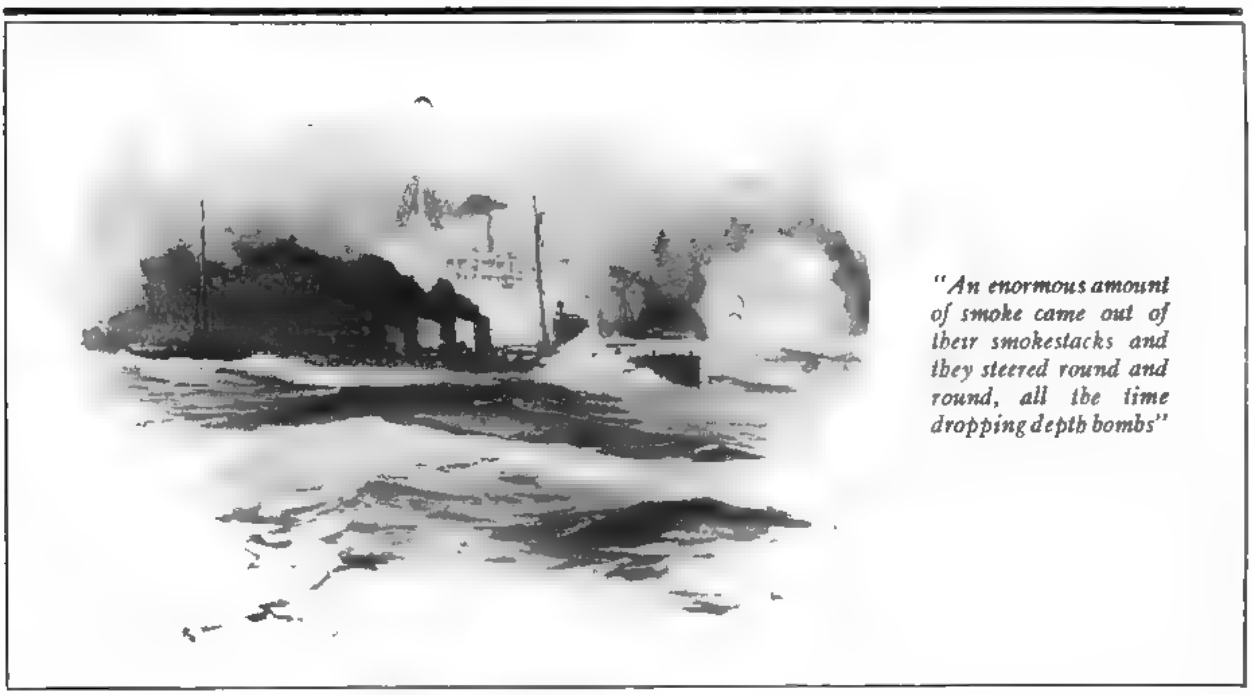
A great volume of water rose high in the air and hung over the ship. Then it fell, like a cataract, on to the deck below. I suddenly missed the throb of the engine. In its place there was a hissing, like the sound of escaping steam. The ship was evidently holed well under the water line, as she listed badly at once. She reminded me of a wounded duck. You know when a duck is shot its wings trail and its legs stick out behind, and it seemed in just that way that our vessel trailed along.

We had seven hundred women and children on board. They did not scream and get hysterical. That is evidently done only in story books. I would like to make a thrilling tale out of it, but the fact is I do not think they worried very much. They trusted to the men and to the sailors, and fortunately they did well.

When we were getting the women into the boats, I found that a number of stewards were already in one of them. I asked them to get out, as I wanted them to do work on the ship and to help the passengers. They all came out except one young man, who remained in the corner. I ordered him out, too, but he replied, "I am blind, sir." Afterward there was an accident and the blind man was thrown into the water. When he came to the surface he could see!

After all the passengers were supposed to be gone, we found forty women and children sitting on a raft waiting for the ship to go down. They thought they could cling to the raft and that it would float. They were taken forward, ropes were placed under their armpits, and they were lowered down by hand. As the water was a little rough, several of them got ducked, but they were all saved. The last to enter the boat were two little Sisters of Mercy. After rowing around a bit, they were all picked up by destroyers and patrol boats.

The next morning the vessel was still afloat, and several of us officers, who had come off on a mine sweeper, went back on board. When we got on the deck of the deserted ship, we met a boy. He had slept through the whole thing. He came up to one of the officers and asked him where the dining saloon was, as he was hungry and wanted his breakfast.



"An enormous amount of smoke came out of their smokestacks and they steered round and round, all the time dropping depth bombs"

The Soldier's Story

IT WAS a small sea, and we were sliding along in great style. Everybody was feeling fine. I was talking to the captain when all of a sudden I heard the whistle of a ship near us. It sounded like a fog horn.

Another ship had seen the submarine first. Everybody looked around, and then the captain pointed and cried, "There it is!" Sure enough, there was the periscope.

It looked like two tomato cans, one set on the other. The thing was revolving; I could see it turning around.

Just at that moment the gunner's crew potted it. At the same time the fore gun's crew also got the range. You could see the shots converge. They blew the periscope to smithereens. At the

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moment when the periscope was demolished, the submarine, traveling along with us, fired torpedoes from both its port and starboard tubes—fired from both sides at once, hoping to bag two ships. She did get one other ship, but it afterward reached port safely.

Our destroyers had been circling around, and they got busy right away. An enormous amount of smoke came out of their smokestacks, and they steered round and around, like a lot of ants, all the time dropping depth bombs. The concussions from the bombs were so great that our transport shook like an aspen leaf. With its periscope gone, of course the submarine couldn't see where it was going. The depth bombs got it, but the gunners said it was done for anyway.

Gee, it was pretty, the way our soldiers acted! There was a big crowd of them on deck. The gunners had to go through them to get to their stations, and the boys hollered, "Gangway, gangway!" and stood aside to let them pass.

Then they were all laughing among themselves. First they asked, "Where is it—where is it?" And then they shouted, "There it is, there it is!" When they saw the periscope they were just crazy to shoot at it with their rifles. They made a request of the commanding officer to permit them to fire at it, but of course he would not do so. That was the privilege of the gun's crew. When the gunners got the periscope, the boys made up a song, "Good by, Fritz, we hate to see you go." There was no fear on anybody's part—it was simply interesting, fascinating.

The Stoker's Story

I WAS stoking at the time. We was shoveling coal in and cleaning the fires and raking the stuff out at the same time. The next thing I knew I had been hurled up against the bulkhead and she started shaking, and soot and everything was coming down from the tops of the boilers, and we was all blind with the dust.

The ship was shaking like that for about three or four minutes. We couldn't see anything; everything was pitch blackness in our eyes. We was all stunned like, for a minute. Then the next thing, all hands of us was groping our way up the ladders.

We gets on top of the stoke-hole, into the alleyway, and then everybody beats it. You couldn't see nothing else but men running this way and that, to reach the boats.

I gets up on deck and I finds I has no life belt So I says to meself, "Well, I will go and get it." So I goes back, and when I walks out of my room and up on deck again and comes along, the sailors and the firemen has got in and all four boats is lowered into the water.

"About an hour and a half later a destroyer came full speed past us. She took no notice of us, because she was after the submarine"

I was one of the last men—me, the Old Man, and the chief steward. Then she starts to go down, pitching head first. So the rest of us runs for the Jacob's ladder, to go down the ship's side. But she was looking very crooked to me, and I says to meself, "By the time I gets into them boats, she will be taking a dive." And so I gets me foot on the rail, and I says, "Well, I think I will go over the side"—I was going to

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jump, you see, over the side. Well, just as I was looking, up comes this periscope of the submarine. As soon as I seen the periscope, I runs back to the ladder again to get down into the boat. The captain and the chief steward was just coming down the ladder when I gets down.

We pulls away, and the captain says, "Get away as soon as ever you can." We got out of the way and stood by, waiting for her to go. But the worst of it was, we was expecting to see the submarine come up any minute, and if she comes up, you don't know where you're going to get it.

There was no other ships around then. About an hour and a half later, a destroyer comes full speed past us. She takes no notice of us, because she was after the submarine. She very nearly capsized us two or three times with the backwater, flying right past us, and you see it was pretty choppy anyway. Finally, after we had been in the boat about two and a half hours —it was December and pretty cold, too—the captain of the destroyer, he turns around and he says, "Well, I couldn't see anything coming up, and your ship is holding pretty fast, so the best thing you can do is to try and get back to the ship again."

There was half of us didn't like coming back, and the other half wanted to pull for the shore, as we was near up to it then. Anyhow, we come back to the ship.

That was worser than when we was there in the first place. I reckon meself, with the men down below, that we take our lives in our hands more often than any men aboard the ship, because if a ship ever gets hit in the engine room or the stoke-hole, the stokers don't never have time even for to bless themselves.

But we got aboard again, while we was that much shaken up. Well, you see, it is the life that I has been leading these eighteen years. Since the war started, I don't think I been more than a fortnight ashore. It is naturally my living, though, and I follows it up. While you are down below and driving the ship, you got no time to think of these things.

After we got back to the ship we couldn't get up steam for hours, and all that time we didn't know any minute when she was going, and besides we knew a submarine was somewhere around us. It just made us work that much harder.

When your mind is occupied with plenty of work, such things don't worry you. I don't let them worry me. I says to meself, "Well, if she comes in, she comes in."

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"

By Reginald T. Townsend

"Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité"—you see it everywhere in France—on the walls of houses, over the doorways of palaces, even on the fretted vaults of churches. Symbol of France, those three words sum up her ideals and hopes. Around them History has taken form.

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—they stand for us as they stand for France. In them lies our destiny.

Liberty—for which our forefathers laid down their lives in the days of 1776.
Equality—for which the bloody struggle was fought in the days of 1861.
Fraternity—for which a million of our sons are offering their lives to-day on foreign soil.
"LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ"—true motto of a world to come!

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The Mercy Road to Palestine

By Elizabeth M. Heath

WHEREVER the American Red Cross goes it opens a Road of Mercy to unhappy and suffering people. Almost two years ago it led the way to France. Last winter it pushed on into Italy. To-day, the Mercy Road stretches across half the world into the true Christmas land—Palestine, the home of the Christchild.

The English drove the Turks out of Jerusalem on December 11, 1917, but the fighting continues many miles to the north of the city where the Turkish army is being slowly forced out of Palestine and Syria. Men, women, and children flee from the towns and little mud-walled villages on this northern front. Sometimes they go of their own free wills, sometimes they are driven out by the Turks; but one and all turn south to Jerusalem and the English.

Es-Salt is a town some six hundred miles north of Jerusalem and east of the Jordan. On the arrival there of the advancing Turkish army, 5,000 Armenians and Syrians were ordered to leave immediately. Many of them had property outside the city—flocks of sheep, cattle, and pleasant vineyards. Leaving all these to the Turks, they set out on foot, carrying huge, unwieldy bundles of bedding, sometimes attended by a straggling goat or two. Before them lay the steep mountains and deep passes of the river Jordan and then the long wilderness road from Jericho to Jerusalem.

David's Tower offers a refuge to exiles from the northern front. From this platform General Allenby greeted the people of Jerusalem when the British entered the city in December, 1917

Some Armenians travelled an even longer road, from provinces eight hundred miles north of Jerusalem, or all the way from Asia Minor.

The British welcomed these weary thousands into the Holy City and gave them what help they could. Vacant buildings in and around the city were opened for them. Fifteen hundred Armenian exiles are waiting in the St. James Monastery on Mount Zion to be taken to the permanent refugee camp at Port Saïd. An old Turkish prison, a bare new barracks outside Bethany, a cluster of tents around the Monastery of the Holy Cross overlooking Jerusalem—in these strange refuges the Red Cross Commission found the exiles, ill, listless and, worst of all, homesick for their distant villages.

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Safe at last on the road to the American camp at Port Said, Egypt
Even a flat car is luxury after six or seven hundred miles on foot

These children walked six hundred miles from Es-Salt to Jerusalem and are waiting, with their parents, in the St. James Monastery on Mt. Zion to be taken to the permanent camp at Port Said

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Condensed milk means life to babies such as these. American money is giving it to them, through the Red Cross

Armenians from Kerak, east of the Dead Sea, coming into Jerusalem through the Garden of Gethsemane. Behind them lies the Jericho-Jerusalem road, along which they fled in terror from the Turks

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A bread and milk party in the Jerusalem Day Nursery. And the mothers, at the women's headquarters, are making orphanage pinafores just like the ones in style here

Hungry people waiting for bread tickets outside the headquarters of the Syrian and Palestine Relief Fund

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Straggling lines of Armenian refugees descending Mt. Zion to the Jerusalem railroad station. They have travelled seven or eight hundred miles on foot

The Fourth of July, 1918, was celebrated in all the Allied countries. America's birthday was hailed as a symbol of world-wide freedom. Nowhere was it acclaimed more joyfully than in Jerusalem, for on that day the American Red Cross Commission officially began its work. Early in April, the fifty-seven members of the Commission sailed from America in the good ship *City of York*, of the British merchant marine. After seventy days at sea they reached Palestine, by way of Colombo, Cairo, and Port Saïd. There Dr. John H. Finley, head of the Commission, joined them. The British military authorities welcomed them gladly. The Turks had carried off in their retreat or destroyed everything useful, and the question of caring for the refugees so far from England and supplies was becoming a desperate one. The Red Cross ship brought in its hold 500 tons of supplies—everything that the Commission needed for its work of fighting disease and dirt and want, from anti-meningitis serum to uniform buttons, delicacies for hospital diet, X-ray machines, and Ford trucks to haul this precious life-saving assortment.

General Allenby, who led the victorious British into Jerusalem, welcomed the Red Cross with these words: "There is inevitably a certain amount of destruction in war. You have come to help set right the wrongs and to rebuild what military force has destroyed, and it is for this work that we particularly welcome your coöperation." The Red Cross Commission set out, first and foremost to fight the terrible epidemics of cholera and typhus that had been sweeping Palestine. American doctors and nurses are caring for the sick refugees. Led by the dignified *muktar*, or head man, they go from patient to patient, examining and prescribing. A hospital has been opened in Jerusalem. Connected with it are a dispensary and a children's clinic. Outside the relief station, at certain hours, men and women stand in line for bread tickets, mothers wait their turn to receive condensed milk, and a crowd of small boys and girls, laden with pots and kettles, are always eager for the soup kitchen to open.

Everywhere there are children—children carrying huge bundles in the straggling lines of incoming refugees; little children who hang on to mothers' skirts much as our youngsters do but who are weary as ours never are from walking six hundred miles in their bare feet; starving little children lost in the streets whose mothers and fathers are dead of dysentery or typhus or malaria or

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just plain exhaustion. For all these the Red Cross is caring, with money given by American Sunday-school children—the Syrian and Palestine Relief Fund. Before the Commission came to Jerusalem, this work was well started, and now the Red Cross has taken charge of orphanages, in which four hundred scrubbed and pinafored children live.

The clothes for these little orphans are made by girls and women of Jerusalem. Five hundred and forty of them work in the women's sewing headquarters and turn out 2,000 garments a week. Before the Americans gave them this way to make a little money, they were unemployed and suffered bitterly in the winters of 1916 and 1917. On August 8th, the Red Cross at Washington received a cabled order for 1,000 spools of sewing cotton for these women to use.

It is a far cry to Palestine. But the thought of Ford trucks hauling hundreds of cartons of American thread and tins of condensed milk over the hallowed cobblestones of the Holy City ought to make Jerusalem and Jericho more real to us than dots on the Bible maps. This order from Colonel Finley, cabled last August, reflects modern America at work "to hold for civilization this most sacred bit of the planet."

Please send at once:

50 tons Portland cement
6 cylinder 7-passenger Buick or Studebaker, with full assortment spare parts
15 pairs 32 in. wheels with pneumatic tires 33 x 4 in. for Ford ambulances
5 Ford touring cars with spare parts
3 air cooled Coolidge tubes for U. S. Army Portable X-ray outfit
1 wide carriage Underwood typewriter, 140 spaces, pica type
4 ordinary No. 5 Underwood typewriters
5 Corona typewriters
Linseed oil (boiled, 200 gal.; raw 200 gal.)
200 gals. turpentine in drums
500 doz. spools white sewing cotton
500 doz. spools black sewing cotton
5 tons cotton thread for weaving
500 bedsteads for the orphanage
Lumber practically unprocurable, greatly needed. Desire 50,000 ft. assorted kinds, widths and thickness
5,000 tons condensed milk
100 Red Seal dry batteries
100 1 in. force pumps
500 1 in. pitcher spout pumps
10,000 ft. galvanized No. 1 iron pipe
1,000 galvanized No. 1 elbows

Medical and surgical supplies, medical engineering, industrial and social skill, material for raiment and for the establishment of industries, plows, water pipe, sanitary equipment—America, through her Red Cross, is sending a strange and wonderful procession down the Road of Mercy that leads to Palestine. "That which we proffer," said Dr. Finley on July 4th, "is but a modest intimation of what the people of all the nations and of all the faiths which had their cradle here (Jewish, Moslem, and Christian alike) will be eager to put at your command for the beautifying of this Holy City, for the clothing of the sacred hills, for the cleansing of the villages and for the *blessing of the children.*"

The hope of Palestine, as the hope of France, lies in its children. The Red Cross, the greatest mother in the world, has spread her protecting arm above them, and in this great work the children of America are her chief support. But they must give more than money and supplies. Dr. Finley has voiced the high demand of the Red Cross in his message from Palestine to the teachers of America:

I send greetings from the land of the Great Teacher to the teachers of America. The Red Cross, in its international mission of mercy and rehabilitation, is to find the schools the most helpful agency in bringing the youth of all nations to work together for the ideals of civilization based on the commandments and the beatitudes uttered here.

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Making It Unanimous

How the Red Cross, through its Christmas Roll Call, will summon every free American to partnership in the cause of Liberty

IS THERE among the millions of patriotic Americans a single one who needs urging to help and encourage our men "Over There"? Not one, you say. All of us know their courage, their sufferings; all of us have learned long ago that they are facing death, or worse, to let us live. Besides, it is the Christmas season. If for a moment we had forgotten our loving debt, the memory would now revive with double force. Christmas on the battle front, under the star shells of No Man's Land, amid the roar of cannon —where hearts beat bold at the thought of home, where the bravest souls would shrivel but for a certainty that the home lines hold firm! It seems unthinkable that any man, woman, or child in the land needs a summons to full duty at this time.

Yet the fact is that many of us do forget, or have been careless in thinking it out, and so must be reminded of the realities which are blurred because of our distance from the scenes of war.

That is why the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call, an appeal for unanimous membership, must be made to echo in the most remote places and to impress itself upon those who are farthest from a realization of the war's tragic truths. It is not primarily a call for money. It is a summons to undivided effort by the humanitarian society which mothers American soldiers, watches over their families, succors the friendless and bereaved of the Allied nations, and strives to keep intact the links of home sympathy which make our fighting men willing and even joyous in their supreme sacrifice.

No chances are being taken with the Roll Call. Everybody will respond to it, of course, if every-

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body knows what it means. But there are those who may not know. They must be told, over and over again if need be.

As this is written, American armies are helping to drive back the German invaders. The Red Cross is keeping pace with the needs of war. But even if peace comes quickly, there must be no slowing down. Our own men and our suffering Allies will require hospital supplies, canteens, and sympathetic aid long after the fighting ceases. The Christmas enrollment, therefore, is not merely a call for temporary support. It is a plea for necessary war relief work continuing into the future.

For circulating the membership appeal among a hundred million and more citizens of the United States, an organization has been perfected after months of study and hard work. It is no haphazard undertaking, this business machine which must guarantee that the story it tells will be heard and heeded. Every phase means planning and execution by experts. It is not merely a matter of advertising, of presenting arguments to a restricted audience. The force of it must be made plain to Americans old and young, men and women, whether they be rich or poor, educated or uneducated. All of them will want to enroll as soon as the truth is written in the hearts of them. The problem has been to find the various methods by which each one can be reached.

The Christmas call of a year ago, having begun with the object of enrolling 15,000,000 members, succeeded beyond all forecasts. The result was a roster of 22,000,000 grown-ups, and a subsequent addition of 8,000,000 juniors. That record has served as an incentive to greater effort. Lessons have been learned in the art of distributing such a nation-wide plea to patriotism. The Roll Call week of this year, December 16 to 23, will find no eligible loyal American out of hearing distance. In addition to the avenues of information used in 1917, new channels are being opened in all directions, to every community and individual at home, and to groups of American citizens wherever they may be scattered in foreign lands.

Through the spoken word, the picture and the written page, the Christmas call will be sounded. From platform, stage, and pulpit will be related the story of helpful service which is keeping pace with the sufferings of war; not to glorify the Red Cross organization nor to boast of its efficiency, but to impress upon the Nation an ideal of service and duty, to bring into line all the resources of a united country's support.

How the Medical Corps of the Army has been assisted in caring for our wounded, how the families of Allied soldiers have been rescued in the invaded areas, how refugee women and children by tens of thousands have found homes and friends, how the hungry have been fed, the homeless sheltered, the stricken comforted—all these things are included in the story. He who runs may read, or hear, or see what has been done and is still being done with the $176,000,000 poured into the Second War Fund last spring; how $70,000,000 of that sum, for instance, will have been spent in France by the end of this year, establishing base hospitals, equipping canteens wherever American fighters are stationed, supplying newspapers and periodicals to our men scattered between the battle front and the seaports, training additional nurses, installing rest stations for the tired battalions before and after battle, and contributing to the morale of our Allies as well as of our sons and brothers.

Farther afield, the record covers increasing service in the Balkan countries and plans for Russian relief continuing as far into the future as the unhappy plight of the Slavic empire may make necessary. There is no limit to the hopes or the intentions of this humanitarian service which war has developed. In Russia, particularly, will reconstruction involve long labor. Throughout Europe and in near Asia the curing of wounds inflicted in the last four and a half years will be no inconsiderable task.

Except for the Home Service work in the homes of America, perhaps no phase of war work outside the fighting zone is so close to the hearts of the American public as the question of communications—keeping the families at home in touch with the boys over there. It is a difficult problem, but it is being met. Inquiries from soldiers in France in regard to their relatives, and from the families as to the soldiers, are being handled as expeditiously as possible by mail or cable. And all the while a vast organization is trying at both ends of the line to ensure comfort, relieve distress, and maintain courage.

Speakers and writers enlisted for the Christmas Roll Call are to emphasize the vital fact that the organization belongs to no creed or race, sect or faction, cult or class—that the Red Cross is for everybody's service. They are to make it plain that, with all the business machinery and system needed by so diversified an undertaking, the service is at bottom built on personal sympathy and humanity. In proof of which, mark these incidental facts: The food served at Red Cross hospitals in France is not merely the staple food to keep soul and body together. Every effort is being made to provide dainties for the sick and wounded. Only a little while ago an arrangement was completed for supplying fresh milk to army invalids, and as a beginning the

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"Avanti, Bersaglieri!"

Italy's crack army corps, the Bersaglieri, confers honorary membership upon two members of The American Red Cross in Italy

By William R. Hereford

WHEREVER you go in Italy you see them. With gay green plumes falling at a rakish angle over the sides of their hats, they appear at once so saucy and so defiant that they command immediate attention. These are the Bersaglieri, the crack troops of King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy.

What the *Chasseurs Alpins*, in their bonnie blue berets, are to the French, so are the Bersaglieri, in their plumed hats, to the Italians. It is no slight honor to belong to the corps, around which tradition and legend are woven. The word "Bersagliere" means literally sharpshooter, but to an Italian it expresses quick action and victory. The corps always moves on the double quick. Even its dignified general never walks across the field -though his hair may be white, he goes with his men at a trot and he is as lively as the youngest member of the corps.

Miss Sylvia Coney, of New York, wearing the plumes denoting her honorary membership in the crack Italian Bersaglieri regiment

"Avanti, avanti!" is their battle cry and they shout it in unison as they charge. It is the refrain of their war song that apostrophizes the plumes that are, to-day, fastened to the modern steel helmets, although this is distinctly not regulation.

Up near the front, within the sound of the guns, there was recently held a great review of the Bersaglieri, to which came three generals, an army-corps commander, representatives of the Allied nations and representatives of the American Red Cross in Italy. Before them the Bersaglieri charged across the field, shouting their battle cry of *"Avanti!"* and performed various military manœuvres. Then followed a distribution of small gifts from the American Red Cross—gifts that add so much to the soldiers' comfort—and as the men at double quick marched past the reviewing party they raised the packages, with the entwined Italian and American flags upon their covers, high above their heads and with one accord, cried, *"Viva l'America!"*

Then the general, in the presence of all the officers, summoned before him the two American Red Cross women present—Miss Sylvia Coney, of New York, and Miss Sarah Fleming MacIntosh, of Boston—and solemnly pinned upon their uniforms the gold medal with its ribbon of purple that signifies membership in the Bersaglieri. "You are now the American sisters of The Regiment," he said simply.

Later, at the banquet held on the field in honor of the occasion, the Commanding General pinned the plumes of the corps on the berets of the two American women, pressing his lips to the plumes to signify that this symbol was, to a Bersagliere, to be his wife or sweetheart until victory was declared. With the honor stripes of five wounds upon his arm, the General leaped upon the table and called for a toast to America. And Miss Coney, as a true Bersagliera, cried *"Viva l'Italia!"*

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Missing

The work of a Red Cross searcher

By Algernon Blackwood

Illustrations by CHAS. B. FALLS

Algernon Blackwood (on the right) is the son of the late Duchess of Manchester. He is a veritable literary wanderer on the face of the globe. He has been a farmer in Canada, a hotel-keeper, a gold-miner. He has worked on the staff of the New York "Sun." He is best known for his book, "John Silence," though he added many friends by "The Centaur," "Karma," and "The Promise of Air"

WHEN a friend first suggested to me the work of a "searcher," under the Wounded and Missing Department of the British Red Cross, I had a vivid mental picture of hunting over No Man's Land for ghastly remains. A vague emotion in me whispered that I might be of greater use elsewhere; or, as the cook where I lived as a war guest expressed it: "It's a shime, sir, that they should send *you* out apickin' up of the dead and wounded!" A closer description of the work involved persuaded me it would be comparatively simple, but certainly useful. There was some surprise, therefore, when an official upon being interviewed, inquired quietly: "Have you any legal training? Are you expert in judging evidence?"

The human value and usefulness of the work, to say nothing of the great difficulty of becoming a good "searcher," only came home to me after considerable practice. It is, primarily, a work of mercy, an effort to obtain first-hand information concerning the fate of "missing" men who, in this vast battlefield, are numbered by the thousand. For the relatives and parents, the wives and mothers, there is no more poignant adjective in this war than "missing."

When a day's fight is over, the regiments compile their casualty lists; but there are hundreds of men, sent out of the actual fight to base hospitals from dressing stations or casualty clearing stations, who cannot be questioned as to what they saw or know of their pals and fellow fighters. The casualty lists, therefore, are in so far incomplete. Men not otherwise accounted for are labelled "missing." It is the work of a searcher to visit sick or wounded men in the various base hospitals and inquire of them what they may know of anybody in their respective regiments and companies and platoons, to obtain from them first-hand reports of what they saw, or what any pal of theirs knew and saw, and to send in these reports to the headquarters where they are dealt with before being communicated to the relatives of the missing men. From which it will be seen that the ability to judge the value of evidence is a great—perhaps the greatest—asset in the mental equipment of the searcher.

The day's work for a searcher may be summarized (though it must vary with different bases) as follows: The morning is spent removing from his printed book of missing men the names already cancelled by searchers at other hospitals. There may be hundreds of men about whom sufficient information has already been received; they have been reported prisoners or killed. With these he has no further concern; he crosses out their names.

Twenty new pages of men about whom in-

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formation is desired have come in by post; these he enters in his book. Telegrams, too, pour in from London, asking if any casualty is yet reported about Jim Jones; he scurries about the town in an automobile, making inquiries at the various *échelons*. His morning is spent in busy clerical work of this description. The hospitals where he works are of no use to him before the afternoon, for men are being dressed and dosed, and tents are being cleaned and inspected, and his presence would be more of a nuisance than a help. Only after dinner can he visit them. A car carries him swiftly out to the regions beyond the town, where most of these great hospitals and camps have been improvised. Carrying a book about the size of a telephone directory beneath his arm, he starts his real work of the day.

Inexhaustible patience is necessary in obtaining information. Most men begin their story in the middle, or with some salient detail that has remained vivid in their minds. They forget that the searcher was not present with them at the time, and is ignorant of the local geography. His problem, then, is to *visualize* the actual scene —the position relatively of our and the enemy trenches, distances, light, who held the particular bit of ground after the fight (affecting the point as to whether the body could or could not have been recovered by our stretcher-bearers for burial) and whether the Germans did or did not take any prisoners at that particular place and time (if they did not, the missing body was probably buried by a subsequent shell). A dozen important and useful questions will occur to the searcher who has a touch of visualizing imagination, though he must be cautious not to assist the memory of his informant beyond a certain point.

The conditions of the interview, moreover, are not ideal. He has to be quick, for one thing, for crowded wards await him and his time is short. The man he listens to is not in normal health, with a clear brain and full powers. He may have lost his voice from gas, so that he whispers or mutters hoarsely; an arm or a leg may have been taken from him the day before; trench fever may still give him violent shooting pains; he may be blind. A glance at his card hanging above the bed, at his face too, with a question as to whether he feels well enough to talk a moment, soon inform the searcher if the man is better left alone. As a rule, once the errand is explained, the soldier is only too glad to tell what he can; the visit breaks his monotony of pain or weariness.

Still more disconcerting to a sensitive searcher, however, are the groans from other beds, the gasp for breath, the call for "A drink, please, sister," the cries while a wound is being dressed, that make his heart ache; above all, the sight of the small, stiff screen just placed round another bed where a body that will never move again and that knew no last, tender touch of wife or mother, lies beneath a long, white sheet. There are other sights and sounds as well which need not be specifically mentioned. Enough that the conditions for careful questioning and cautious yet sympathetic cross-examination are not ideal.

As a rule the searcher's mind is soon clear as to whether the man is telling something he is positive about or actually witnessed. Then comes the question of identity. Is it quite positive that the fellow seen killed in that scene of terror, confusion, and grim stress, perhaps in fading light, perhaps in darkness, is the same Jones whose name stands in cold print on the page of the book? This matter of identity is crucial. The man himself may be convinced; he may, equally, convince the searcher that he is right; but the searcher's purpose now is to obtain such proofs of identity as shall satisfy the wife or mother. This is what occupies the greater part of his time at each bedside. Infinite patience is required; the informant, often enough, resents these necessary questions. "Oh, I'm quite sure it was him," he reiterates. As a rule, a little judicious questioning elicits the essential points. Some men, however, are very stubborn, though not intentionally so. In vain it is insisted that the wife or mother will demand some detail that convinces them it is not another fellow with the same name. Had he a nickname? Was he, perhaps, a singer who amused you in the trenches? Did you come out together? Did you train or enlist together? He was not in your company—how then, did the acquaintanceship begin? Possibly he wore glasses, or stammered, or walked with "splay" feet (a very common characteristic given) or had a stoop? Had he any peculiarity that marked him from other chaps? In time, and with patience, the identity may be faithfully established, and the searcher is satisfied; but he must never forget that it is the wife or mother, not himself, who asks for proofs, and that the wife or mother will instantly detect the slightest flaw.

Failing such definite touches, a general description of the "casualty's" appearance must be demanded. This description is of little value. "He was a little, low-sized fellow with a bit of a moustache and a pleasant manner," will hardly satisfy a parent. "Why! You couldn't mistake him! He had blue eyes and was stout-built," is equally useless. The vaguest notions

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"Serious, thinking, responsible men, men with strong home ties and all they hold dear at stake . . . . . who know quite well what they are fighting for"

of height, too, prevail, and most men, apparently, are five foot four or five in Tommy's eyes. "About your height, sir, I should say. He wasn't much"—though I am six feet three inches in my socks!

A valuable descriptive item, however, was given to me by one man, though he had no further details of any value to report. He mentioned the thing that struck him: "An upper artificial set that fairly shone!" Very often a few tactful questions make the informant hesitate. The searcher has noticed one or two discrepancies. He refers to these—in the lightest, most careless sort of stage-aside way he can. And the man says suddenly; "Oh, no; it wasn't Alfred Cooper—he was in B Company. I was thinking of Bert Cooper. Sorry!" And the matter is cleared up forthwith over a cigarette and a laugh. Voluble explanations are entailed, which can be cut short if no other report is expected, or must be listened to in case there is more of value to follow.

In a single ward men are found from every corner of the Empire. Their characteristics vary. Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians, and South Africans are usually quick and accurate; Newfoundlanders also tell clean, straight stories; Guernsey men (Guernsey Light Infantry) need care, owing to the frequent numbers of similar names; French Canadians may be left alone, unless their lingo is an asset among the searcher's acquired talents; but Scotch, Irish, Welsh, to say nothing of Border men and those from Somerset and Lancashire and Staffordshire, need a quick ear and an alert interpretation. When to these dialects is added the afflicted whisper due to recent gas or pain or other illness, the result demands the closest attention. Upon "Scotty," however, the searcher may bet his final sou If a Scotchman reports a detail, he may write it down in his notebook without further delay. It is usually to be depended on.

"Ah, I knew him."

"Well? You'd known him some time, eh?"

"Aye—a bit."

In the end it turned out that Scotty had known him two years in the battalion and five years before the war at home. They had lived in Glasgie or Edinboro together. The "missing" man was engaged to his sister!

An Irishman, bless his heart, will talk one's

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head off before he mentions a single fact. He knows everybody in the company, begad! He knew 'em in Bally-something-or-other before the war. Pat will relate a long story which seems, at first, a perfect report. All the essentials are given. He saw the missing man taken prisoner with his own eyes (which means good news for the parents, thinks the searcher happily); he gives a full account of the place, the time, the light, the distances, geography, personal identification—everything required to make a report that must satisfy not only the authorities in London but the relatives. Then—plop at the end!—he adds abruptly: "But, bejabers, it's not him afther all. His first name was Tim, ye say. Well, sorr, my pal's was Micky!" A cigarette is lit, a laugh exchanged, and Pat passes on rapidly and volubly to another, possibly a similar story of "a feller Oi knew in Bally-whatever-it-is."

On the whole, the faithful Tommy is the best of them all—secure, steady, sure, not easily dissuaded. His replies come slowly; contradicted, he merely stares and waits. "I can't say for sure, sir," he repeats, seeking no evasion that shall justify his doubtful point. A deep, blunt tenderness, too, shines out often enough. He loved the pal marked "missing" in the book; the terrible, confirmatory details he supplies without a wince: "The whizz-bang caught him in the neck. I was not fifteen yards away, his head was blown off;" or worse—whatever the ghastly proof may be, he just tells it quietly, adding in a lower tone, "We was great pals, sir, you see. I knew him."

There is nothing mechanical in searching; the gamut of human emotions is experienced; it is exhausting. If the searcher has no heart, he is not in the first rank; if he has too much, perhaps, he also fails for subtler reasons.

He has adventures, too. Many of the men in bed hear imperfectly. "What is your regiment?" has been known to elicit the strange reply: "Laryngitis and pleurisy and trench fever, sir."

Once, after a long series of interviews that had proved without result, I remember my spirits rising as I approached a bed where a man with a keen, intelligent face lay watching me. He had quick eyes, mobile expression, and an air of alert sympathy that was most promising. If the book contained any names he knew, I felt sure of good and competent reports from him. His information would be accurate as well as picturesquely given. We exchanged smiles and lit cigarettes, though he said no word. Thank heaven, I thought, he is not voluble. I saw at a glance that he knew my errand and that the usual explanation might be dispensed with. To my greeting he made no reply but a smile. I took his regiment from the card beside his bed, looked up the page in my book, and asked him if he knew any of the printed names of missing men in his own company. Silence was all I got, but his smile remained adorable. He was dark and foreign-looking; I judged him subtle; he was too intelligent to waste words. I suggested he might possibly know some of the men in other companies.

No reply; the sympathetic smile and understanding eyes alone gave answer. I repeated my questions a little more definitely. Still silence. "What's wrong with him?" I asked in a whisper of the adjoining bed I had just left. "Nothing much," was the reply, "trench fever, I think." The man in the bed beyond was also quietly watching. "He's in the Labor Corps," he volunteered. But that helped me little. I judged him deaf, perhaps. I repeated my questions in a louder voice. Then I heard laughter.

"A gassed man, lying motionless, face and eyes bandaged . . . gave me three reports. I stayed with him for twenty minutes"

And, suddenly, I guessed. He lay there, smiling his sympathetic, intelligent smile, while I said to him the only Russian word I knew: "*Nitchevo!*" We all laughed together then, and the Russian, who knew no word of English, smiled more sympathetically than before, as I passed on, leaving him with several cigarettes.

"The only man I know here, sir, is myself," said one fellow, after reading through the list. "And I'm not missing!" His name had crept in by error.

Good searching must be rapid, yet unhurried. For longer than two or three hours at a stretch it is not possible; one gets stale and wearied, careless, and exhausted. Yet it is not easy to leave a bed at once merely because its wounded occupant has no report to give. The men love to talk; one's sympathy is

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touched in a hundred ways, one's interest roused as well. The men ask one to look up pals of theirs in other regiments; they ask you to write a letter, perhaps; they want to chat about the battle, about their wounds as well; they produce the extracted bullet from a bag.

We broach here another aspect of the work. I was fortunate enough to work under a chief who realized that the number of reports obtained, while important, was not everything. A searcher may come back from three hours' arduous inquiry without a single story worth sending to London; yet if he has, during that time, cheered and encouraged every man with whom he spoke, left each one with the comfort of human sympathy, made him feel that he is being looked after and cared for, that he is not forgotten—those three hours have not been unfruitful. The men, moreover, appreciate the work. "A long job, sir, ain't it?" or "You don't get much, maybe, but it's worth it," are the usual criticisms heard. The commonest of all, perhaps, is "Good idea, that!" The men understand and appreciate. Each man knows that if ever *he* is missing, busy searchers will do their best to send the most accurate details obtainable of his end to those who, because of their love and sacrifices have the right to know.

"The hospital ships, too, are fairly soon canvassed; three searchers can talk to 350 men in an hour and a half"

I shall never forget a gassed man near the door of a ward I had just finished searching. I glanced at his bed. He was lying motionless, his face and eyes were bandaged, he made no sign. I was tired; it was getting late; I thought I would go out without speaking to him. He might be asleep, too. It's a long job always interviewing blind men. And I had a full notebook. Then something prompted me to say a word. His instant answer made me wince: "I heard yer step, guv'nor, and knew you was seein' the boys. I was afraid you was goin' to pass me by just because I was blind. Wot is it?" He gave me three reports; and I stayed twenty minutes chatting with him.

A good worker, I can well think, comes away from his three hours of patient inquiry with deep, searching thoughts alive in him. His admiration for the men is really unbounded; simple heroism *en masse* has been his experience; cowards, after all, must be very rare. Cheerful and brave the men most certainly are, but light-hearted they are not. The jolly Tommy who talks as if killing men were sport, the frivolous, almost giggling Tommy the papers insist upon *ad nauseam*, has not come across; he has been with serious, thinking, responsible men, men with strong home-ties and all they hold dear at stake, but men without exception who, though sick of the war, would rather go on for another year than see the Prussian spirit dominate the world. *They know quite well what they are fighting for.*

Evidence of emotion, however, the searcher does not easily find. He bends his head with something like reverence to catch the low whisper of the voice, still strangled by the effects of gas, and hears the phrases that have become the "patter" of daily experience. The men are not callous; numb, perhaps, they may be. They tell the simple facts: "We were everywhere walking on the dead"; "He got a whole shell to himself"; "We had to leave him there—we're not allowed to stop, as it breaks the line"; "He asked me for a drink, and put his arms round me, and then urged me to go on and leave him"; "No, there was no burial—not a button of him was left to bury"; "Another shell buried him"; or "He slipped off the narrow duck-board into a shell hole full of mud and water. We never saw him again." "It isn't war," is the common verdict, "it's murder." Yet hatred of the Germans I have never once heard expressed.

Strange words, too, and a peculiar and characteristic vocabulary, the searcher learns. "The Germans" is hardly ever heard, but many syn-

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onyms replace the name: "Fritz" is the commonest, then follows "Jerry," and after that, "Johnny." The term "Boche" is used only by the French. A fight is invariably a "stunt." The names of various kinds of shells, from "whizz-bangs" to "flying pigs," most of us know well enough already. An unusual word no Tommy has yet been able to explain to me, yet one that all of them make use of, is "mebus," referring, apparently, to a fortified concrete structure that yet is not a "pill-box." Its derivation is unknown to me.

Occasionally, too, a cultivated tone of voice comes as a surprise—a man of refinement and easy life, probably, whose high spirit induced him to enlist in the ranks. "Hullo! But you're a gentleman!" flashes into the mind. One stops and hesitates, while a deeper thought follows probably: "What is the difference, indeed! Every man I've seen in this ward is a gentleman in the biggest sense and truest!"

Small changes of routine come into the searcher's day of work. Sometimes he goes to the convalescent camp, where the men are paraded for him. No explanations here are required; all goes rapidly; the men file past, grouped by the sergeant according to their regiments; each tells his tale or does not tell it; the interviewing is sharp and short—no cigarettes, no chat, no word about the wound or illness. The hospital ships, too, are fairly soon canvassed. Three searchers can talk to 350 men in an hour and a half. The men are in good humor, going home to "blighty." But the stooping by each bunk, the dim light of the wards, and the fact that the men are tired from the convoy journey, are small contributory difficulties. One has to be quick, too; the ships load and start in a very short time.

Not every alert, energetic, intelligent man will make a good searcher. It demands a combination of qualities by no means common: patience perhaps is the first of these, but sympathy, judgment, accuracy follow closely in importance; and a touch of visualizing imagination is indispensable. Such types are not too easily found now when most competent men have already got their niche and work. There is a certain tedium, too, while there is certainly no chance of glory or public recognition. Searching is, besides, no "cushy" job where a man can live on his pay.

Yet, if there is something of monotony, there is something ever new as well in the daily round. Each report, that costs time and labor, brings satisfaction, if not always comfort, to people yearning for it. No better tonic for the pessimist, as regards the raw stuff that makes up men, could be devised. The chief impression left upon the mind, I think, after hundreds of straight talks with the lads and the men who are fighting for the freedom of the world, remains one of intense, astonished admiration and respect, an uplifting joy that our race can supply these "common" men in such profusion, a longing to make their suffering lighter, and a deep, spiritual tenderness toward them for their ready sacrifice. The searcher often may feel weary; but his opinion of men—of ordinary, rough, uneducated men—whatever it may have been, has certainly been raised.

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A close game of checkers on the deck of the U. S. Battleship New York

My Friends, "The Gobs"

By Henry B. Beston

IN THE lingo of the Navy, the enlisted men are known as "gobs." This word is not to be understood as in any sense conveying a derogatory meaning. The men use it themselves—"The gobs on the *210*," "What does a real gob want with a wrist watch?" It is an unlovely syllable, but it has character.

In the days before the war, our navy was, to use an officer's phrase, more of "a big training school than anything else." There were, of course, a certain number of young men who intended to become sailors by profession, even as some entered the regular army with the intention of remaining in it; but the vast majority of sailors were "one-enlistment men," who signed on for four years and then returned to civilian life. The personnel included boys just graduated from, or weary of, high school, young men from the Western farms eager for a glimpse of the world, and city lads either uncertain as to just what trade or profession they should follow or thirsting for a man's cup of adventure before settling down to the prosaic tasks that give the daily bread.

To-day, the enlisted personnel of the Navy is a cross section of the nation's youth. There are many college men, particularly among the engineers. There are young men who have abandoned professions to enter the Navy to do their bit. For instance, the yeoman who ran the little office on board destroyer *660* was a young lawyer who had attained real distinction. On board the same destroyer was a lad who had been for a year or two a reporter on a New York paper, and a chubby, earnest lad whose father is a distinguished leader of the Massachusetts bar. I have spent several months with the forces of the American Navy now on foreign service, and of my four best friends, "Pop" had worked in some shop or other, "Giles" was a student from an agricultural college somewhere in western New York, "Idaho" was a high-school boy fresh from a great ranch, and "Robie" was the son of a physician in a small Southern city.

The Napoleonic veterans of the new Navy are the professional "gobs" of old; sailors with second-enlistment stripes go down the deck the very *vieux de la vieille*. I remember one good friend

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among these veterans who loved to describe his career, enjoying the merriment caused by the tale. Fate, it appears, had provided him with a stepfather, a bricklayer with a violent temper. There had been a clash of temperaments, the climax coming when "he hit me over the pants with his trowel." This fellow has been in the Navy seven years, likes the life, and is steadily climbing up to higher ratings.

The sailor's character suffers from the fact that many people have fixed in their minds an imaginary person whom they have created from light literature and the stage. Just as the soldier must always be a dashing fellow, so must the sailor be a rollicking soul, fond of the bottle, and with a wife in every port. Is not the "comic sailor" a recognized literary figure? Yet whoever heard of the "comic soldier"? This silly phantom blinds us to the genuine charm of character with which the sea endows her adventurous children; we turn into a frolic a career that is really one of endurance, heroism, and downright hard work. Not that I am trying to make Jack a sobersides or a saint. He *is* full of fun and spirit. But the world ought to cease imagining him either as a mannerless "roughhouser" or a low comedian. Our sailors have no special partiality for the bottle; indeed, I feel quite certain that a majority of every crew "keeps away from booze" entirely. As for having a wife in every port—a sailor is the most faithful husband in the world.

As a whole sailors are unusually good hearted. Last Christmas the men of our American battleships, now included in the Grand Fleet, requested permission to invite aboard the orphan children of a great neighboring city, and give them an "American good time." So the kiddies were brought aboard; the sailors rigged up a Christmas tree, and distributed presents and sweets in a royal style. Said a witness of the scene to me, "I never saw children so happy."

One of the passions which sway the gobs is to have a set of "tailor-made" liberty blues. By "liberty blues," you are to understand, is meant the sailor's best uniform, the picturesque outfit he wears ashore. Surely the uniform of our American sailor is quite the handsomest of all. On such a flimsy excuse, however, as that "the Government stuff don't fit you round the neck" or "hasn't any *style*," Jack is forever rushing to some Louis Katzenstein in Norfolk, Va., or Sam Schwartz in Charlestown, Mass., to get a "real" suit made. Endless are the attempts to make these "a little bit different"—attempts, alas, which invariably end in reprimand and disaster. The *dernier cri* of sportiness is to have a right hand pocket lined with starboard green and a left hand pocket lined with port red. A second ambition is to own a heavy seal ring, "fourteen karat, Navy crest. Name and date of enlistment engraved free." Sailors pay anywhere from twenty to seventy dollars for these treasures. To-day, the style is to have a patriotic motto engraved within the band; I remember several inscribed "Democracy or Death." The desire of having a "real" watch comes next in hand, and if you ask a sailor the time he is very liable to haul out a watch worth anywhere from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars.

Our sailors are the very finest fellows in the world to live with. I sailed with the Navy many thousand miles; I visited all the great bases, and *I did not see one single case of drunkenness or disorderly behavior.* The work our sailors are doing is hard and gruelling labor, the seas which they patrol are haunted by every danger; yet everywhere they are eager and keen, their energy unabated, their spirits unshaken.

TO OUR MAGAZINE FAMILY

THE number of copies of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE *which can be printed is limited by the acute shortage of paper and the resultant rulings of the Pulp and Paper Section of the War Industries Board. It is necessary to limit the number of subscriptions.*

So that none of our present magazine family be cut off at the end of the present subscription you must send your renewal at once to your local Red Cross branch or chapter. It would be well to do this BEFORE the Christmas Roll Call.

A coupon for your convenience appears in the advertising section of this number of the Magazine.

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At the Red Cross Fronts

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These Are Bath Tubs

THIS is the bath-tub ward at the South African Hospital, London Soldiers suffering from septic wounds are kept immersed day and night in a bath of 98 degrees temperature. Little reading desks are provided for each man Two of these patients are Americans

Another Proof of German Barbarism

OUTSIDE one of the tents of the American Red Cross Hospital at Jouy, showing the effects of fragments of shrapnel. This picture was taken after the attack by German aviators on the night of July 15, 1918. Two persons were killed, fourteen injured, and two tents were destroyed

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At the Red Cross Fronts

MEMORIAL Arch erected in Chicago in honor of "Our Heroic Dead," under which the Red Cross parade, headed by the Great Lakes Band, marched on Red Cross Day, September 5, 1918, at the United States Government War Exposition

A True "Widow's Mite"

THERE is a woman who lives in Canso, Nova Scotia, who is a real heroine. She has actually shown what a "widow's mite" is. She is a poor young seamstress, who lives with her widowed mother and earns a very meagre living by doing children's sewing in the small fishing town of Canso. She went to the local Red Cross Chapter one day with two fine pairs of hand-knitted socks. She asked them to accept the socks for the soldiers overseas, if they were good enough to send and the yarn not too coarse. She had obtained the wool for the socks from her one sheep and had spun and carded the wool herself. It was learned from her neighbors that she had been in the habit of selling, heretofore, the wool of her pet sheep in order to buy some necessary winter supplies for her mother and herself. She could not resist the appeals of the Red Cross Society for socks for our brave boys overseas, so she brought two pairs and said, if they were acceptable, she would knit the rest of the wool into socks as soon as possible.

The little seamstress gave more than many of her friends, for she gave *all* she had.

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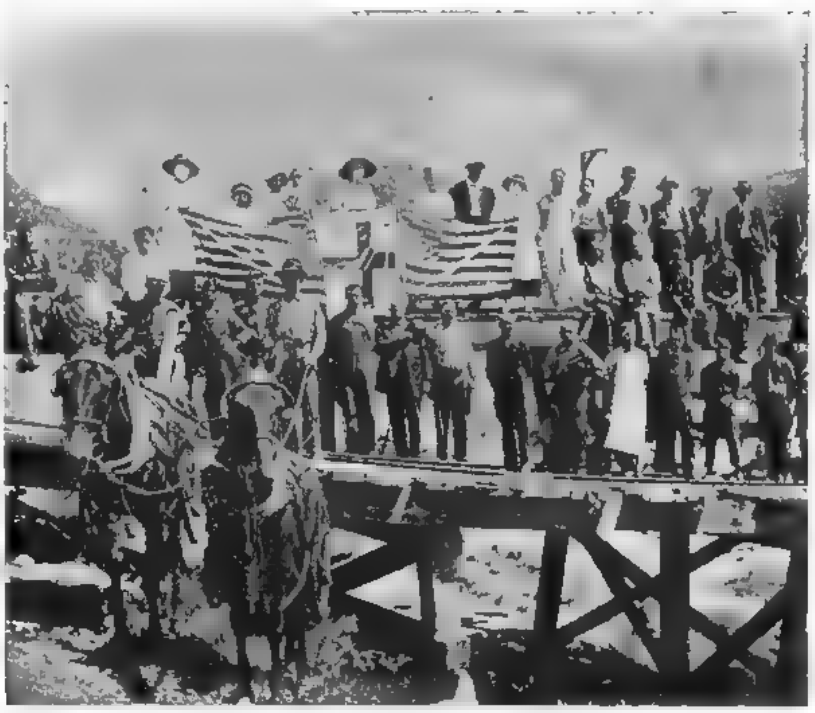
Can Any Town Beat Mt. Harris, Colorado?



Some of the working men at Mt Harris, a mining town in Western Colorado, pledged 2 per cent. of their wages for the duration of the war

MT. HARRIS, a mining camp in Routt County, Colorado, lays claim to the United States' record for Red Cross patriotism. During the Second Red Cross War Fund Drive, the quota for Mt. Harris was fixed at $114. With a population of only 400, it rolled up the astounding total of $2,743. Then every working man in the camp pledged 2 per cent. of his wages for the war. This will give $800 a month for the Red Cross.

"Where is the place in the United States -population and quota considered—that can equal us?" demands Mrs. J. A. Halbert, the secretary of the local auxiliary.

The claim of Mt. Harris—that it is the banner Red Cross town in America—is based on a remarkable record It oversubscribed its Red Cross quota in the Second War Fund Drive 2400 per cent

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AT A BIG AMERICAN AVIATION CAMP IN FRANCE

THE Red Cross workers are the big sisters of the camp. Clothing accidents are frequent and are a constant source of irritation. Here is an aviator who tore his coat getting out of his plane, and on his way back to the barracks has stopped at the mending shop to have he rip sewed up. It requires three women to keep up with the work of the mending shop

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A Red Cross Department Store

WOMEN'S clothes, received as gifts and pressed free of charge by local tailors, fill one department of the Red Cross Shop at Canton, Ohio. Slightly used dresses, wraps or skirts find buyers at once. Men's shirts, slightly worn, are turned into shirtwaists. Shoes are mended and hats retrimmed

THE success of the Red Cross Shop in Canton, Ohio, has been so marked that we have asked Mr. J. H. Himes, the chairman of the Canton Chapter, to tell us something about it.

"On various occasions," Mr. Himes writes, "we have been visited by the people living within the jurisdiction of our Chapter who would give to the Red Cross, but who did not have the ready money to give. We have been offered diamond rings, oil paintings, furniture. None of these things could be accepted for we had no way to convert them into money, and we could not make of ourselves a selling agency unless we established some institution whereby this work could be done.

"Therefore, in order to conduct the work of converting material and effort into money, the Canton Chapter has opened the Canton Red Cross Shops and Tea Gardens. In a town of less than one hundred thousand we have earned through them, net, for the first month, in excess of ten thousand dollars.

"We secured for the Red Cross Shops and Tea Gardens the donated and unrestricted use of a church. On the roof garden of this building we conduct Red Cross festivals; in the auditorium, where we can seat about two thousand people, we hold all our meetings; in the basement we have our Red Cross Shops.

"Everything in the Red Cross Shops is donated; nothing costs us anything. All our clerical staff, which is composed of the ladies of the Red Cross, work without payment. These shops are conducted on the same basis and in identically the same way as a large department store. One hundred per cent. of the proceeds is profit. Almost every conceivable thing, from a newspaper to an automobile, is on sale in one of the departments.

"On account of the very high price of many things because of the war, particularly clothing, shoes, etc., we are able to provide people less fortunate financially with clothing at a reasonable price. We are, therefore, doing lots of good. All classes of people frequent our shops from the time that they open until the closing hour. One would be astonished to realize the varied kinds of things on sale, and equally surprised to see how early these things are purchased."

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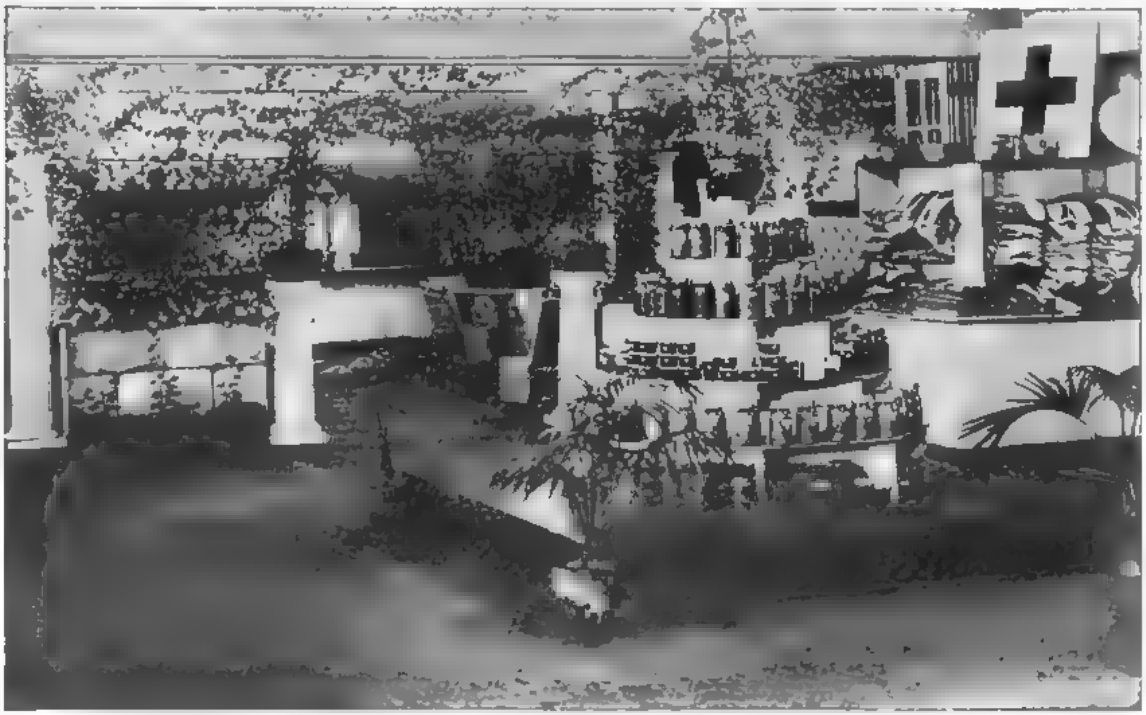
ONE specialty of the Red Cross Department Store is its tea room for both shoppers and workers. The Red Cross Chapter was given the unrestricted use of a church in Canton, Ohio. War benefits are conducted on the roof garden, and meetings held in an auditorium, seating about two thousand people. The business is run on a 100-per-cent. profit, for the goods cost nothing and are sold at low prices



IN THIS room are sold preserves, canned goods, and groceries. In the late summer bushels of beans, corn, and tomatoes passed through the store daily. The patronage is confined to no particular class; the very poor, the moderately prosperous, the rich, all buy from the Red Cross shelves. It is a business undertaking of war times, run with the care and judgment of business men and women

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"Attention! The Enemy Sees You"

By Forbes Watson

Being Part III of "From Seaport to Trenches"

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Orderlies of a mobile hospital unit removing the wounded from a light railway train

IN THE American "special" which carried soldiers and officers of the A. E. F. between two main points on the American line of communication, one could sleep comfortably stretched out at full length beneath warm blankets. An hour or two after dawn there appeared the colored sergeant formerly belonging to the New York Central Railroad, a gentleman who, in time of war as in time of peace, inevitably answered to the name of George.

We shaved and washed and prepared to arrive at an important American military centre just as if we were about to pull into the Grand Central Station. George served hot coffee and roast beef sandwiches. A tall and genial military policeman entered and examined our papers during the banquet. Tickets and cash are not needed on the American "special"—but correct papers are. One travels free if at all.

A captain drew my attention to an orderly vista of warehouses and repair shops stretching away from the railroad tracks, which made clear for the hundredth time that if the United States Army has shortcomings, smallness of conception is not among them. My traveling companion had done some work here, but he was glad to be returning to the front where he was to direct a moving repair shop for guns. He was one of those officers who, in spite of inexperience in warfare, have something of the air of veterans. In my travels with soldiers it often has seemed to me that such men are marked. The type is distinct. This particular captain-man had run away from home at fifteen; he had been a cowpuncher, a salesman in Mexico, and later a member of Pershing's army there. He invited me to go with him to the front. It was out of the question; but I knew that one who should follow him would have experiences worth recording—if he happened to survive them.

The city where I left the train was in the advanced zone. It was out of reach and sound of guns (a good bit farther from the front than from Paris), yet it was permeated with the sense of that vague, indefinite region known as "the front." The place was full of staff cars. When

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I asked a private the way to headquarters, he said it was on the road turning off to the left from "the general's house." Yes, this was "the general's" home town and by "the general" only one person was meant.

Next day we motored through a fine but remorseless rain over sticky red roads to another important Americanized town, from which I made an excursion to two baths which revealed impressively what preparation the army had made for its sick and wounded. In both places, which are near together, there are what are known as base hospitals—but the simple term "base hospital" only begins to suggest what is there. In truth, they are dream towns for convalescents.

The Red Cross has taken over the bathing plants, has revived the silent engine rooms, and serves the patients of thirteen adjacent buildings. Recently when a Red Cross hospital train arrived full of wounded, who had stopped only once on their journey from the front for the first dressing, the men were taken to these baths, and by eight o'clock in the morning 350 had been bathed, blanketed, and carried on stretchers to hospital beds. In other words, the baths were used as a receiving station. And since cleanliness brings a sick man even closer to godliness than it does a healthy man, it is easy to understand the great value of the institution.

Across the gardens from the baths the Red Cross has taken over a theatre. It is not a hut theatre; it has gold trimmings! The Red Cross representative had visions of discovering dramatic talents in the convalescing patients and the hospital staffs. Between hiring Broadway singers to sing the same old Broadway songs and inspiring the boys themselves to put on a play, the choice is all in favor of the latter.

There also are a library and a writing room in another part of the garden and farm, where earlier in the year the Red Cross steam plow drew fifteen hundred farmer admirers from the countryside. A steam plow never had been seen there before. One can perceive the reason when it is explained that the Red Cross garden of about ten acres was divided among not less than seventeen different owners. The second bathing establishment has not only a theatre but also golf links, tennis courts, and a baseball field.

The next day a truck started for the last town on our side of the lines, and I joined the driver on the front seat. We halted for lunch in a tiny mud hole surrounded with low brick buildings and high heaps of barnyard wealth. I said to my companion that I didn't believe any other Americans had penetrated into this place, which looked like a meeting place for cut-throats of a romantic novel. Hardly had the words been

American soldiers are still pouring into France. Here is a detachment leaving their camp for the front

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Mess call among the American soldiers in quarters which had been held by the Germans only two days before

uttered when a band of Americans poured in. They were telephone linemen—an adventurous crowd who long since had learned to take care of themselves in the remotest villages of France. They spoke an ingenious, a useful language, which served their purpose.

The country from this point was agreeable and good to be in, despite the everlasting rain. Sometimes it looked like southern Scotland and sometimes as barren as the north. Before the end of the drive, we traversed the country that had been fought over, and I saw my first German "pill box." Old trenches and rusty wire entanglements appeared. Finally we reached a walled town, the last one outside of the firing zone. The next day I entered the region where steel helmets are constantly worn and gas masks are always ready.

First of all there was a sign. The letters were white on a blue background. I had been looking at the road, fascinated; and when the blue sign —"Attention! The enemy sees you!"—nailed to a tree on the right suddenly came into view, my nerves tightened. As an ambulance volunteer with the French army I had often been nearer the lines than this. But here there was a difference. It was my first view of Americans actually in the fighting zone, within gun range. A series of hills, looking like the upturned hulls of yachts, bounded our vision. At one end they sloped sharply upward from a comparatively flat base, and at the other they sloped with a long graceful curve. On a pale blue hill far at the left, beyond the German lines, were German guns. At curves in roads, dust-stained screens of camouflage waved between us and the eyes of the enemy. An officer said to the driver, "From here on, don't use your horn."

Motley groups of soldiers in muddy boots, with gas masks hanging from their necks, were engaged in the innumerable tasks of war. A camion trundled by, disregarding half-filled shell holes. The formalities of the soldier on parade had vanished. Here were no dressed-up men, but fighters in their working clothes. The private, not the tailors' idol, looked best in this setting. Over there in the trees beyond the swamp an observation balloon lay hidden and a car had turned into the crude new road that apparently led nowhere. A sentinel stepped from his shelter and stopped our car. A word from the officer on my right, and we passed on.

Going down a slope into a town shelled and broken, the car halted. We got out and turned to the right. A hundred yards away in a field was the burial ground of the first American soldiers who had died in action. Soldiers were digging other graves. Far, terribly far, it seemed from home.

We traversed a village literally swarming with

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American soldiers. Between trucks and narrow-gauge railway cars, guns, ammunition, soldiers and horses, messengers on motor cycles dodged and sped.

Out on the road again, beyond the dishevelled, crowded town, shell holes appeared more and more often. In the lee of the slope an American battery was hidden. The officer at my right knew it was there. Yet after his pointing it out I could not see it. Excellent camouflage. Looking ahead I became convinced that the road led to some intolerable crater and that we had but to drive straight on finally to reach the edge and to drop off into a boiling mass of earth and rocks and bodies. The road to hell!

They gave us a hot drink at an American Red Cross outpost. To enter it, we had to skirt a shell hole big enough to hide a hand-organ. We went on with the Red Cross outpost director. "We're coming to Hell's Bent," said the driver of the car. I smiled at the name. At the next curve I found out. Three ambulances lay upturned, mangled, tossed ten or fifteen yards off the road. There was a "Dead Man's Curve," too; it was marked the same way.

Think of being brought in wounded, of having your wounds dressed, of being on your way back to the hospital, of feeling that you were going to be taken care of, to rest in a clean hospital bed and to rest long and comfortably, to sleep peacefully in a quiet place, to be made whole again — and then think of a shell from that razor hill miles back of the Boche lines pursuing you and, disregarding the open fields on either side of the empty road where it might land harmlessly, making you its target. You and the fellow lying in the stretcher above you and the two on the other side of the ambulance are thrown out of life together and become part of the junk heap on the side of the road. That's a vicious turn of fate. But it has happened many times at Dead Man's Curve.

In the next rock-heap, or "town," was the entrance to the trenches. There was plenty of life, but most of it underground. When we began to skate in the mud, which still was as nothing when compared to the mud in the trenches, I realized why, in war diaries of this region, there is the ever recurring phrase, "It rained again to-day." I had not really grasped before the meaning of the phrase. Now I understood at once how fervently men can pray for sunlight. Already I began to hate the mud. It seemed an unnecessary villainy on the part of nature. We stepped from a pool of ooze to duck-boards leading to the advanced dressing station, then down narrow steps where a sergeant and an oil lamp were the only occupants for the moment.

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A member of the American Engineers sounding the gas alarm

An hour later the motor turned back toward Dead Man's Curve. Frankly, breathing was easier when those curves and the junked ambulances were past. Yet Dead Man's Curve is a long walk from the front lines. Together with five shell-shock cases I was put up that night in the back room of the Red Cross outpost. The place must have been a bakery once.

The first time I had passed through this town of A—, it struck me as literally a mud-hole on the edge of oblivion. Returning from the front zone, it seemed a lovely place — a civilized village of joy after the burrowings inhabited by the men on the other side of Hell's Bent. To be sure, one could not sanely go 'round the corner in A — without his gas mask. If one stuck his head out of a door without it, somebody was sure to yell "mask!" As for a light at night — well, that was a sure way to get shot, and not by a German gun, either. Only a fool or a traitor would

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show a light; and neither of the types was considered useful in this vicinity. The simplest way to get rid of him was the surest. It had not happened yet, but there was an order to that effect, or the salutary rumor of one.

On the way to mess I noted at the corner of the two streets a hand Klaxon, the gas signal Though the road to mess was muddy, it was worth taking. In that low stone-walled room the officers sat round a big table. When the colonel entered they rose to a man and his "Be seated, gentlemen," was a bit of civilization among the ruins. The officers for the most part were young, an exceedingly attractive, straight-looking lot of men. Their boots were muddy, perforce, but their faces were clean and shaved, their hair well brushed. There is an expression in their eyes different from that in the European eye. One or two stalwart young men in the early twenties had faces as innocent as babies—quiet, conscientious, inexperienced faces. They appeared to have what, for lack of a better term, might be called a dangerous innocence—that is, dangerous for their enemies, the Boches.

We invited two of the shell-shocked boys to smoke with us in the rear room. It was five days since they had been brought in, and they were almost ready to return to the front. One was nineteen, a little fellow with big blue eyes; the other was twenty. It had been their first real fight and they were full of it. I had been told that the boy of nineteen had been the bravest of the gang; yet when he told me his story he kept repeating, "Gee, I was scared!"

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Front view of a tank, showing the position of the driver and the gunner All the doors are open and the turret door is turned to the front

He had gone seven times through a German barrage. He was carrying ammunition, and the trench through which he went back and forth was beaten into heaps of dirt and rocks by the enemy shells. On the first trip, a shell hit just ahead of him, and he was knocked over by the force of it. "Gee, I was scared!" the little high-school boy repeated. He went again. He was knocked over again. Each time it was harder to get through and over the dirt piles in the trench. Finally he couldn't get through. He tried to, but he couldn't. If he had succeeded he would have been blown to bits, for while he was trying a shell landed in front of him and exploded.

Seven times he escaped death by inches. "I was getting more scared every minute, but I couldn't get through. Pretty soon there was nothing to get through to. You see, it was my first real fight, and gee! there was an awful lot of shells fallin' and I kind of began to feel as if I didn't have any strength. Well, some other fellows carried me back and they brought me in here. Now I feel fine."

The story of the boy of twenty told how he had carried a message from the front lines to an artillery post. He had stumbled through hell, been knocked down, had fallen down and thrown himself down a dozen times, obstinately clinging to his mission. "I couldn't go another step, but I got hold of a fellow who could take the word on for me. He got it there all right. It wasn't far then. But it was too far for me. I was all in, and I was scared. But the message got there. I feel fine now. This Red Cross outpost has sure been one godsend to us fellows. They certainly have treated us well. Do you remember, Captain Underwood? You slept between us that first night."

Captain Underwood remembered perfectly. There was no danger of his forgetting, for he nearly lost the canteen that night. Shells hit all around it within a few feet. The Red Cross man walked through the shelling to the near-by dressing station to see if he could help the overworked doctor. The doctor passed the five mild shell-shock cases to him, and they were brought to the Red Cross outpost where he fathered them.

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What Château Thierry looked like after the Germans had fled from it

The first few days they were a nervous crowd. But they recovered steadily and became more used to gunfire while they convalesced. Near one hospital where they made a specialty of such patients there was a hand-grenade school, and the boys were gradually accustomed to the exploding grenades until their nerves became normal.

When we retired, there was little undressing. The mental comfort of being ready exceeded the physical discomfort of it. In the darkness for a while there was talk, stories of emergency work carried on in low voices as if the enemy might hear us. Somebody told how two companies had come out of the trenches after an extra long stay in them, and the army supply of clean clothes hadn't come up; but the Red Cross supplied socks and underclothes for five hundred boys. There were tales of rushing tobacco and medical supplies past Dead Man's Curve to the trenches.

Evidently this was not a "cushy" job, this management of a Red Cross outpost. Every other organization had been evacuated from the place. Only the army and the Red Cross remained. The outpost stayed, and it delivered the gifts of America to the soldiers who most needed them and where they meant the most to them.

When the low voices stopped murmuring, another sound started. There were rats about—not shy little rats, but roaring lion rats. It is a positive fact that when our guns started a barrage the noise was a relief. It drowned out the sound of the racing rodents. To be sure this particular barrage was not the terrifying noise it can be. Before it had finished we were asleep so soundly that even rats could not break it. Three of us had gone to sleep. When we woke up, we were twenty. The other seventeen were in a big wire cage, and we drowned them without a qualm.

A pail of water and razor, hair brushes, and a tooth brush made us look as if we had at least taken off our shirts the night before. We hadn't. We went to mess with impassioned appetites. That mess served amid ruins was by no means the primitive affair that might have been anticipated. There were corn-bread and white bread toast, fresh butter, heaping plates of oatmeal with cream, crisp slivers of bacon and snowy potatoes —a purely American breakfast, that could not be bought in a Paris restaurant with gold coins! The flour and the oatmeal, the corn-meal and the bacon, all came from America.

After that breakfast every one was ready for the day's work. The men scattered to their posts and duties. All was quiet, when we started once more in the direction of Hell's Bent.

(The End)

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Real Letters

Human documents of personal experiences in the Great War

THIS is part of a letter from Maitland Bartlett, a minister in the "Y" service, written in the very midst of the great summer advance. Since sending this letter, the writer has been cited for bravery.

Somewhere in France,
August, 1918.

WE CAN no longer say that we are in a quiet sector. At present we are just located—our headquarters are in a town that has been taken and retaken several times during the war. When we entered it a week ago the Germans had been gone but a few days and it was a picture of desolation. Everything shelled and looted. Only a few inhabitants had remained during the German occupation of seven weeks. Our home here has beautiful gardens but nothing else. We are simply camping and have great difficulty in securing food. Army rations are uncertain at the front and one never knows what to expect. I have been spending the nights at our field hospital since coming here. We are proud of our boys but they are paying the price. One night I knelt beside three hundred and fifty litters, giving cigarettes, chocolate, crackers, or water. It is hard to get food up to the men in the fighting line, and almost every wounded man is hungry when he comes in.

The other night, when I uncovered the face of one man, I found a lieutenant whom I had come to know and appreciate. He greeted me with his wonderful smile (although severely wounded in three places), and said, "Bartlett, are *you* here!"

You can well imagine that I was glad I had come so far just to be here at that moment. I cannot begin to tell you of our experiences. That night we halted operations five times to extinguish the candles—although our windows were blanketed—because the Boches were bombing us. They seem to be fiends incarnate; I have learned to dread air raids more than shelling from guns or even gas. One feels so helpless—nothing to do but sit and wait for their machine-gun fire or for their shells, which literally tear to bits whole companies of men. In our house here the paintings have been ripped to pieces with bayonets; and the German officers, who were quartered here, evidently amused themselves by firing bullets at the mirrors. We found children's dolls cut in two with bayonets.

Yesterday a boy gave me a postcard to send back home. It had the photograph of a sweet-looking girl on it, and some messages written on the other side. He had taken it from the body of a friend who requested that if he fell it should be mailed. I am giving you the messages. They tell the story of a boy whom you would have admired and loved. This is only a sample of instances that are often repeated.

July 3. I am getting ready for the Fourth of July, and I guess you are doing the same, but when the time comes I will be somewhere in No Man's Land. It will be no snap to-night that I will have to perform, but I will do it if God is willing; and I trust that if I don't return from out of No Man's Land to-night a friend will mail this to you

July 8th. Back to No Man's Land.

July 9th. Out in No Man's Land.

July 14th To-night we will go on a raid to the German's second-line trenches. Good-bye.

July 31st. We are following up the Boche retreat. Have orders to have our packs rolled and ready to go by 4 o'clock. There has been hard fighting in this part of the woods and will be clear on to Berlin. Good-bye. You are always in my heart

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On the back of the envelope in which this card was enclosed I found the boy's name and regiment number with these words:

In case I fall and this is found, Buddy, please send the photo to——(and underneath the address) Good old U. S. A.

This is one boy's story written on a card, but it is a volume to us who are here with them.

The Hospital that Moves

MISS Violetta Carroll Mercer, the writer of this letter, served for two years as a nurse with the American Ambulance at Juilly, France. When the United States declared war she had just recovered from a long illness and was on leave in this country. In May, 1917, she went to France with the Presbyterian Hospital Unit from New York, and worked with the British forces until the American Army established its first mobile hospital.

WE WERE expecting a Boche offensive on a certain day, and were all prepared for a great rush of work, and also a quick getaway should the Hun break through. The barrage seemed about as usual; then, about 11:30, it increased in violence, until it became terrific, and just at midnight a loud explosion was directly followed by the alarm of gas.

It all happened in the twinkling of an eye—the only thought was to put on the respirator, wake up the patients, and get them into their masks; and all the time the shells kept coming over our heads. In a few minutes the commanding officer arrived and ordered us to take off our respirators, as there was no gas coming over, but to keep them in the "alert position." All the patients were to be taken immediately to the dugout

We put the helpless ones on stretchers, and sent the walking cases right down; in the midst of which the C. O. said I must go to the dugout, that the orderlies would clear the ward. So down I went, accompanied by the other night nurse. All our friends were inside and greeted us warmly. They had had their own experiences—had been wakened from a sound sleep by shells bursting and by the alarm of gas, had gotten into their clothes in total darkness, and had rushed to the dugout.

This place of safety was a huge affair, supposed to hold a thousand people and was lined with steel like a giant tunnel. We stayed about two hours; then the ambulances began to arrive. The shelling was much less violent, so the doctors decided to begin operating at once. We worked until about six A. M. (And let me tell you that a tin hat and a respirator are not the pleasantest things in the world to wear!) At about that time the Hun began sending over more of his souvenirs.

Very soon an order came for all patients to be taken to the dugout, operations to be stopped, nurses to go down immediately. So down I went again, and before I had been out two minutes, my ward was struck, two patients were killed and one wounded. Then the Hun pelted us for two solid hours! I shall never forget the scene underground, stretcher after stretcher being brought in! Two men died down there.

We did our best, which was very little. The men brought us hot coffee, and at about eight o'clock there was another pause, and an order for another evacuation. We were not allowed to return to our quarters. The men just threw together everything we owned, tied them up in sheets, and so we travelled. But nothing was lost. We had breakfast and were piled into two motor lorries, following the evacuation of the patients, and after us came the rest of the personnel, as fast as they could be loaded into the lorries.

We had been up all night; it was hot, the dust was unspeakable, and the riding was anything but comfortable. We went down little byroads, in order to avoid the main highways which were being shelled. After what seemed hours of riding we arrived at noon at an American camp hospital, about twenty miles behind the lines, which had by that time been flooded with wounded—seven thousand, they said.

Installed in the officers' tent, we had luncheon and were allowed to rest until three o'clock in the afternoon. That place I shall always remember as a horrible nightmare. We worked until midnight, some of us all night. In the meantime our mobile hospital had gone on to a place about ten miles further, and was being set up, so the next day we were sent for. Perhaps we weren't glad to go! That very afternoon we received the first patients, and they poured in all night until the place was full. The patients got immediate operations and good care, rest and food, even while the hospital was being put together.

At the end of five days orders came to move again. We had to evacuate every patient and be ready to move in twelve hours, but there was some delay in the arrival of our convoy, so we did not get off until five o'clock in the afternoon. I was fortunate enough to be in the car with the section commander, but most of the girls and officers were in lorries.

The convoy started at five P. M. We stopped on the road at seven, and had dinner—cheese and crackers! It was a beautiful moonlight night. We drove until one in the morning, when orders came to stop—which we did and slept for two hours on the side of the road, wrapped up in heavy blankets.

Sharp at three the whistle blew, and we were again on our way. At nine the following morning we reached a French château, with a nice park in which are quartered many troops. In about an hour some of these men had prepared a meal—I don't know whether it was breakfast, lunch or dinner, but it saved our lives. After which we took our blankets and went out under the trees and slept while the hospital was being set up. The hospital is under canvas pitched on the greensward at the back of the house.

The next morning our patients began arriving, and they are still coming. We have been here only a few days. It may be hours, it may be months, before we move again. It is a great life—though a trifle exhausting at times!

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Physical Fitness and Moral Fitness

By Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell

IT IS many years since Dr. Grenfell went to the forgotten fisher folk of Labrador. He has devoted his life and his fine abilities to their service. Solely by his unselfish work he has become famous the world over. The International Grenfell Association, supported by organized societies in Canada, the United States, and Great Britain, has eight hospitals in Labrador and North Newfoundland, a hospital steamer, a schooner and launches (for all main communications are by water), an orphanage, and establishments for industrial education. Dr. Grenfell travels from harbor to harbor, giving medical, surgical and, we may say, spiritual help to the people of that bleak coast.

On board the hospital ship, *Strathcona*,
"Off the Labrador Coast"

I HAVE been intensely interested in the introduction to the little articles on "Strong Life—Long Life," in the August, 1918, Magazine, and also in the article entitled, "Pershing Keeps Fit. Do you?"

It is absolutely true, and yet it is a reproach and hence unpleasant to many. For twenty-six years we have been here among people who get their living by physical work, and not simply by their brains. They are all producers, and by their physical fitness wrest food material for the world from a reluctant environment. It is true that we have tuberculosis, and we have also some of those diseases that are produced by insufficient or non-nourishing food in childhood; but our capacity for endurance at hard labor has made me wish often to call "civilization's" attention to the vast importance of "physical fitness," and the maintaining of it as it can be maintained. I have seen more than once a man of eighty pulling a good strong oar in a heavy fishing boat; and already we easily notice the effect of motor boats replacing oars, even in this strenuous life.

Every summer there come north to help us in our work a number of young men and women who act as voluntary teachers, nurses, hospital hands, ministers, and outdoor workers. They represent mostly the youth of modern communal life, and are naturally fitter and stronger than a similar sample from middle life; but even they haven't the physical endurance of our people. As Professor Wyckoff found, when he went out as a "working man" instead of a "talking worker," he wasn't physically able to compete with the "lower classes." I once asked the secretary of one of the largest Y. M. C. A.'s what happened to the average Y. M. C. A. athlete in middle life. "He marries, settles down, and runs to fat," was the reply.

Now, your contention and our experience is that it is

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a lie to say the "upper classes" cannot keep physically fit. Of course they can, and of course they ought to. Are they fit to consider themselves the upper classes when their physical means of responding to all the requirements of life on the earth are admittedly inferior? Can they expect to settle the very intimate problems of labor and capital, of domestic, social and political difficulties, by talking and theorizing when they are admittedly unfit? I never could listen to an obviously self-indulgent preacher. Can a perfect animal accept the decisions of an obviously unfit one? The churches are realizing that the making of a Kingdom of God on earth—such as our brave lads in France and on sea are fighting for—is not to come by creeds, ritual, or maxims, but by the fit body that harbors a fit soul, by the perfecting of the temple of the Spirit of God. Of course there are exceptions to all these general statements; they only prove the rule. Missions will come into more universal sympathy when they aim at the physical as well as the spiritual betterment of the people they serve, and when the missionaries themselves strive to be exponents of what physique as well as creed should be. Fat and sloth are evil heritages of the bodily machine, even as they appear to be of the soul; therefore all the more need for us to keep fit for the next generation.

We haven't seen yet a man in this country who has suffered by war restrictions of food. Meat is never necessary. We live among those whose daily bread comes by supplying the world with fish, which ranks with us as meat. We cannot well be vegetarians where so few vegetables can be grown and no fruit except wild berries. Meat is not necessary to "fitness"—quite the reverse, in fact.

As for play, it is exactly what civilization needs. We would have just as many high financiers and big business men, if they kept their bodies physically fit by exercise in holiday times. And we should have less temptation and less crime if all men took their exercise in off hours, as enforced war work has shown; and that not less among women than men. When our women in society keep physically fit by a self-mastery of their habits, then so-called "society" will have the influence in the world, among the world's workers, which it should and could have, but never has obtained.

The workers from these Labrador wilds wonder at the possessions, the comforts, the machinery of life when they visit civilization; but they also marvel at the human physical unfitness. It is so ancient a truth that mental balance is largely dependent on physical balance that one hates to repeat it. It is as true as the converse which all doctors now realize.

We should find General Pershing's other contention is the truest of all, if only men would really look into it.

For spiritual and moral fitness makes for physical and mental fitness. A clean army means an efficient army, as does a clean community mean a worthwhile one. What is the *raison-d'être* of the Y. M. C. A. in France as well as at home? Personally it appeals to me as this: That God gives the victory to those who deserve it—in America, in France, or anywhere. But it all has to be won, not merely believed in, and the harder it is the more it is worth winning. Nothing can make a victor in life of a physically unfit man, who could be physically fit but will not face the morning cold bath or setting-up exercises. May God send into the field at home and abroad more men like General Pershing who are not afraid to live out this doctrine!

The Story of a Middle-aged Man

By Emily Frances Robbins

HE HAD chosen his own career, followed it after his own fashion, married the woman he wanted, ruled in his own household, and ordered his existence entirely to his liking. He had even had his own way with Nature. Other men had found that she did not permit them to eat rich food, to drink "moderately", to smoke continually, work over-hard, keep late hours, and ignore exercise. He had lived no other way for twenty-five years.

Then he came to desire something more than anything he ever wished to have. He had got past wanting money; there was enough of that. A new ambition took possession of his thoughts. He would go overseas and work for the soldiers.

In a great glow of enthusiasm he made his preparations, turned over his business, arranged his family affairs, and applied at the Red Cross. His idea received the favorable reception that it sought.

One of the mere details of the Red Cross requirements before he could leave, however, was a full medical examination. The doctor went over him from head to foot, weighed him, measured him, took his temperature, his pulse, his blood pressure, felt of his arteries, listened to his heart, and sounded his lungs. Then he told the man to go home and wait for the report.

He waited two days, three days, five days.

Then the report came. The Red Cross would be unable to get his passport viséd, it said, because of his physical condition.

He rushed back to the doctor.

"What do I care about my health," he said. "I am willing to sacrifice that for the good of the cause. I am not thinking of myself in these times, but of our poor boys, who need the help that I can give them."

"My dear man," said the doctor as patiently as he could, "although you are only forty-six years old, your blood pressure is 210 systolic and 180 diastolic, your arteries are hardened. The heart sounds are already impure and your kidneys are in bad shape."

"I haven't any selfish interest in my health," the man shouted. "I'm patriotic."

"Is it patriotic," the doctor replied, "to allow the lives of many persons to be entrusted to your care, when you are in a condition in which a slight strain might produce serious results on you and thus endanger their lives?"

The man's breast heaved. For the first time that he could remember, he was to be denied something.

"Doctor," he said, more humbly, "I have always had my own way."

"It will be different now," said the doctor.

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The March of the Red Cross

GRADUALLY the iron ring which the Allies have drawn about Germany tightens. In Siberia, in northern Russia, in Palestine, in Bulgaria, Italy, and France, step by step the Allied armies are forcing back the foe. Behind them is coming the Red Cross, embodying to people all over the world the true message of America at war.

Hundreds of miles into Asia, west of Lake Baikal, hospitals are being set up behind the Czechoslovak line; in Manchuria sanitary trains and first-aid units will serve the recently sent American army base hospital. Hundreds of miles south, in workrooms in Tokyo, Shanghai, Canton, and many other cities, American women are making the surgical dressings, the hospital garments and supplies which may mean life or death to the wounded of our new and heroic ally, fighting on the Siberian plains and the slopes of the Urals.

The first Red Cross ship, with hundreds of tons of food, of medical supplies and drugs, has arrived at Archangel. Food for the liberated Russians, delicacies vital and necessary for convalescents in a land where not even the necessaries of life can be obtained: milk for babies; drugs to combat epidemics among the Allied troops and the Russian population—these things America and her allies, through the Red Cross, are offering to the harassed people in northern Russia.

In the rest of Russia is darkness. The Red Cross is still in Moscow, as this is written in late October. The milk distribution to the babies of Petrograd probably still continues, financed by the Red Cross and carried on by other agencies—these are the only glimpses, via wireless, vouchsafed us.

The Work With Our Army

IN FRANCE, meanwhile, the war drama is growing in intensity and meaning, absorbing the hopes and fears of every family in that country as the Allied line from Metz to Ostend emerges at last into a war of movement. With the gradual entrance of the American Army into the fighting, the Red Cross, too, is swinging more and more from work with the French to labor among our own flesh and blood.

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In the emergency situation caused by the American Army taking part in driving back the Germans across the Hindenburg line, two carloads of surgical dressings were shipped daily from the Red Cross Eastern Zone until the needs were supplied. All available workers were rushed to hospitals and canteens. Forty-five women were sent from the Paris headquarters alone. Thirty outpost canteens on the American sectors were operating at full capacity.

The Home Service section in France made a record of handling 4,294 cases in four months, and there were a hundred Red Cross searchers at work by early October. At the same time seventy-five workers were busy in twenty-three recreation huts. The farm and garden section, which had proved itself a fine agency for the cure of nervousness, was employing more than five thousand convalescent soldiers for short periods.

Sixteen tremendous hospitals—either strictly Red Cross or administered by the Red Cross—and eight convalescent establishments scattered over France are now being operated close to capacity. To every man in these hospitals. as to every American in the French military hospitals and the English military hospitals, the Red Cross searchers are going, inquiring after the soldier's wants, writing letters for him, getting the lonely ones in touch once more with America and home.

At all the American base hospitals, recreation buildings have been constructed for the exclusive use of the nurses, consisting of a rest room, library, music room, and auditorium. Gardens, in which the nurses may work, and tennis courts have also been provided.

For the convalescent "Yanks" who are not yet in shape to report for active duty, many beautiful châteaux in the country have been pressed into service, usually at their owners' request.

When the "Yanks" Get Well

AT TWO of the most famous bathing cure resorts, several thousand convalescent soldiers have been given bathing facilities which are the last word in comfort and elegance. Baseball fields have been built and equipment furnished, and tennis courts reserved for those who have reached an advanced stage of convalescence. Huge modern hotels serve as the hospitals, while the hospital staffs and the nurses are quartered in pretty villas situated around the parks. Motion pictures are presented every afternoon and evening, not only at the convalescent establishments but in all the recreation huts which have been established at the army base hospitals. In England the same programme is under way on a smaller scale. In every way the army system of convalescent homes is being supplemented.

Daily papers are distributed every morning at these places and in all the hospitals. Many of them are European papers printed in English,

Red Cross Headquarters in Washington, where 1 100 men and women are working. The photograph was taken from the back and shows the three new annexes, beyond which is seen the top of the Society's white marble building

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to which the Red Cross is the largest single subscriber. Every week both American and European magazines arrive, as well as the papers from America. At the front, the English European papers are distributed from the Red Cross warehouses and stations on their arrival from Paris by rail. A newspaper is never destroyed until every soldier in the sector has read it.

Shaving outfits, sanitary articles, and the ever-present American tooth brush are being furnished to wounded soldiers. Comfort bags containing these and other articles are hung on each hospital bed.

France Divided into Red Cross Zones

MEANWHILE, in ever-increasing volume, there flows into France the stream of supplies which are the basic materials of Red Cross work—food, clothing, surgical dressings—one million one hundred thousand surgical dressings for American wounded; 100,000 meals served to French and American soldiers in canteens at Dijon and elsewhere; a million and a half refugees provided with either food, clothing, or household goods.

Where our work is concerned, France has now been divided into nine zones, each one a complete operating unit administered by a zone manager whose responsibility for his special sector extends over all of the Red Cross activities within his territory. British, American, and French military activities are thus mapped out, and the work among the civil population of France divided into units that can be more easily handled.

In each department, the local refugee delegate of the Red Cross is coöperating with the French Government in making special housing surveys for those who have been evacuated from the invaded regions. In every instance, where comfort can be procured by an expenditure greater than that which the French Government can afford, the difference is being borne by the Red Cross. The repatriated alone now number more than four hundred and fifty thousand, and this total is steadily increasing as Germany sends back, through Évian, old men, women, and children at the rate of thirteen hundred a day. In solving this problem the Red Cross is doing its part.

Just one illustration will suffice to show how difficult that part has been. A few months ago one of the biggest problems confronting the hundred Red Cross delegates scattered from the Brittany Coast to the Pyrenees was to secure enough beds for refugees. At that time, in spite of many ingenious schemes put forth in different localities, thousands of refugees were forced to sleep on hard floors.

So the Red Cross was forced to go into the bed-making business on a large scale. In Bordeaux, Lyons, and Toulouse, which are situated in the timber regions and are railroad centres for large areas in which thousands of refugees are living, arrangements were made to manufacture at once a special Red Cross bed which is strong, practical, good-looking and, including the springs, costs only five dollars.

Going forward now with ever-increasing energy is the work in the dispensaries throughout France of which there are now seventy-two; and the work of the educational exhibits to combat infant mortality and tuberculosis, which are being attended by nearly four hundred thousand people every month. More than thirty-two thousand French youngsters are being reached through the school canteens in Paris. In the various departments which the dispensaries reach, more than fifteen thousand children and mothers were aided last month.

The Relief of the Belgians

INDISSOLUBLY bound up with the French relief has been the work which has developed among widely scattered Belgians—some are ill in Holland, a few thousand are in the reconquered part of Belgium, and many more are scattered throughout France. At the present moment, indeed, there are more Belgian refugees in France than there have been at any other time during the war. More than thirteen thousand Belgian children are being aided. More than one hundred thousand dollars' worth of clothing has been recently distributed among these people who are in France. Four hundred layettes of baby clothing are being sent each month to destitute mothers. Among the twenty-eight thousand Belgian soldiers who have been interned in Holland since the fall of Antwerp, three thousand are sick and these are being fed. Lace-makers are being supplied with raw material so that they can support themselves by working at their old occupation; a complete saw mill has been installed at the Belgian refugee colony at Chartres, so that the wooden shoes which the old men, women, and children manufacture there can be lowered in cost and their output increased. In Brussels itself, although still under German domination, fifteen thousand people a day are being provided with food from a separate

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AMERICAN RED CROSS ZONES IN FRANCE

British Zone, Army No. 4
Headquarters, Boulogne

Northwestern Zone, Army, No. 5
Headquarters, Brest

Southwestern Zone, Army No. 2
Headquarters, Bordeaux

Western Zone, Army No. 1
Headquarters, Nantes

Southern Zone, Army No. 6
Headquarters, Marseilles

North Intermediate Zone
Headquarters, Tours

South Intermediate Zone
Headquarters, Lyons

French Zone
Headquarters, Paris

American Zone
Headquarters, Neufchâteau

fund; sickly children, up to ten thousand in number, are being sent into Holland to build up their strength; even the wives of Belgian soldiers in England and France are being supplied with sewing machines so that they will be able to secure remunerative work.

Behind the Italian Lines

THE Red Cross in northern Italy continues to be hard pressed. Particularly is this true of the ambulance sections along the Piave line. Day after day, dawn finds almost all the cars and camionettes which comprise the Red Cross sections still on the road and at work.

Back of the lines the Red Cross is helping to solve the last phase of the refugee problem. Workshops and sewing rooms have been opened so that practically all refugees can support themselves. Community kitchens have been installed in almost all villages, remodeled buildings being used for the purpose where necessary. In the most congested towns, soup kitchens are still selling food at nominal prices.

In the Avellino district, five hours from Naples, there is an excellent example of the kind of assistance the Red Cross has been able to offer to the Italians. Only a few weeks ago the saw mills there, which support the refugees who have been sent to this district, were forced to close because the mill owners were unable to get ribbon saws for their plants. Commissioner Perkins at once cabled to Washington to purchase $42,000 worth of saws and removed all restrictions in the way of their shipment.

In Sardinia and Calabria, white flour has been imported and distributed to one hundred and fifty-five towns, more than seventeen thousand children having been benefited. In the war zone near Milan fourteen institutions have been aided, to care for thirty-five hundred children.

Just back of the Italian lines, our military work has been going on this past month as it did before our troops went to Italy. At railway junctions, where thousands of Italian soldiers pass daily, our huge station canteens are selling at cost—or giving away when a soldier has no coppers—soup and hot coffee and bread, and occasionally cigarettes and chocolate.

In the rest house at Milan, which is being enlarged, new sleeping barracks have been opened. Food, cigarettes, and post cards are being give

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to twenty-five thousand men a month. Shirts, drawers, socks, and shoes are also provided when needed. In the Ancona rest house more than fifty thousand men a week are being entertained, sometimes as many as one thousand men being served every hour.

The canteen service all through Italy is being steadily enlarged, five new canteens having been opened just recently at towns near the front. The value of the front line canteen can be judged from the fact that the first one opened served fourteen thousand men the first week.

Magnitude of Red Cross Work

FOOD, clothing, and uniforms are being sent to Switzerland and Copenhagen for the rapidly increasing number of American prisoners in Germany; automobiles, linseed oil, and lumber supplement the Red Cross supplies going to Palestine; two hundred army field kitchens, two hundred two-ton trucks on their way to France, two hundred and thirty-seven thousand blankets for shipment to Siberia, Italy, Archangel and France—these few items may perhaps give the layman some vague idea of how rapidly and greatly the purchase and shipment of Red Cross supplies in America are increasing.

Even to such an out-of-the-way place as the Island of Madeira, the helping hand of the Red Cross is being extended. Starvation has just been averted there by the receipt of corn from Morocco which the Red Cross, with its world-wide organization, borrowed from French supplies in Africa upon the promise to replace in France. Five hundred tons have already been landed; by arrangement with the shipping board and twelve hundred tons a month will be delivered until the Portuguese Government can make its own arrangements.

Mobile medical units with social workers have been sent to Nablus and Es-Salt beyond the Jordan. A complete survey is being made of child life in Palestine. Sanitary work will be undertaken in the camps and villages in which our workers are employed.

Despite the present emergency, however, the work originally started in Jerusalem and elsewhere is being conducted with great energy. Two boys' orphanages accommodating four hundred children, a regular hospital, and a children's hospital with two hundred patients are being cared for as before. Relief has also been given to the Syrian and Palestine orphanages and to organized Catholic institutions of the country.

Two large workshops are now being conducted in Jerusalem as well as several village workshops where Russian pilgrim woman are employed. In all more than fifteen hundred women have been made self-supporting—Moslem, Jewish, Christian—in such occupations as spinning, weaving, knitting, basketry, rugmaking, the manufacture of bedding, embroidery, etc. Similar relief work is being carried on at Jaffa, and at Port Saïd also seven thousand Armenian refugees are in one camp.

The Future in the Balkans

SOON Greece, and then the Balkans also, will be added to the territory which the Red Cross is serving. The Greek Commission is already on its way to Athens with a party of seventy workers. In most parts of the country there is genuine need, among the native population and among the great numbers of refugees driven from Macedonia and Asia Minor by the Turks. With the recent victory of the Allied armies over Bulgaria, in which the Greek army played a fine part, there is an added satisfaction in the departure of Professor Capps and his Commission to enlarge and add to the work begun by Dr. Ryan at Saloniki.

Let Us Make it Unanimous!

IN AMERICA the Red Cross is preparing for the Christmas Roll Call. In every chapter and division volunteer workers are making ready for a nation-wide canvass. But there is no diminution in the rest of the work of the Red Cross—in its thousands of workrooms, in its more than five hundred canteens, in the camps and cantonments, in the work of the Home Service.

In the camps alone this last-named activity is handling now more than thirty thousand cases a month through its ninety-one men with the army divisions in this country, in addition to the many thousands of inquiries from our soldiers in Europe.

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

How Your Red Cross is seeking to aid the French

—by caring for her thousands of refugees—old men and women, children and babies, the sick and afflicted—and providing them with food, clothing, shelter and medical attention.
—by maintaining the morale of the soldiers' families and, as a result, that of the armies in the field.
—by helping in the fight against tuberculosis.
—and by reconstructing ruined cities and villages reconquered from the foe.

This has been the most stupendous task to which the American Red Cross ever set its hand. Since the War began and including appropriations up to Jan. 1st, next, more than $42,000,000 will have been expended among the civilian population in France. (This sum does not include any disbursement or appropriation for military relief.)

Refugee relief and reconstruction of devastated areas

On March 1st, 1917, before American participation in the war there were more than 400,000 destitute refugees in France, made homeless by the German campaigns of 1914 and 1916.

They have all been provided for by the American Red Cross.

Up to December 31st, 1917, grants of goods for refugees had been made through 78 organizations and 28 prefects, mayors and other local officials. 74,372 articles of clothing, 257 layettes for children, over 25,000 yards of cloth and dress making supplies, sewing machines, etc., in addition to food-stuffs and medical supplies were distributed.

More than 20 departments of France were canvassed by Red Cross workers—sanitary homes were provided for 11,000 families almost immediately, either by renovating unoccupied buildings, or completing unfinished houses.

The retreat of the Germans to the so-called Hindenburg Line witnessed the systematic destruction by the Germans of the cities and villages evacuated.

Houses which remained standing were roofless, windowless and all furniture had been removed or destroyed.

As many of these houses were made habitable as possible and homeless refugees were induced to return to their former homes.

Seven villages were entirely reconstructed and accommodated an average population of 300.

In the agricultural districts, implements, seeds, building materials, etc., were supplied.

Up to July 1st, 1918, $5,557,605.75 was expended in this work among the refugees, reclaiming devastated areas and in the reconstruction of villages. The appropriation for the current six months calls for disbursements of $6,212,280.70 for the care of refugees and $1,094,912.28 for the rehabilitation of villages.

Fighting Tuberculosis

So severe had been the privations of war among the refugees of the battle area that tuberculosis had gained great headway. The fight against this scourge began immediately upon the arrival of the Red Cross in France. The disbursements up to July 1st this year were $2,147,327.00.

Seventy-six tuberculosis hospitals have been completed.

Requisitions for goods have been approved for 96 provisional hospitals containing 5,610 beds, all to be in operation by Fall.

The appropriation for the current six months is $2,582,456.14.

Caring for Children

Up to July 1st, 1918, $1,149,129.70 had been disbursed in the care of French children. The appropriation for this fine and most satisfying of all Red Cross work to January 1st next is $2,775,877.19.

More than 100,000 have been reached by American Red Cross aid through its hospitals and assistance given to French societies.

Under the slogan "visit every baby in France," the Red Cross campaign for 1918 has had three main objects—

to increase nursing service in the direction of child welfare work

to increase welfare stations throughout France—one or two in every Province.

and to assist all hospitals, clinics and organizations engaged in welfare work.

It is estimated that 80,000 French babies died last year, 40,000 of whom might have been saved. One of the vital objects of the Red Cross is to save those 40,000 babies and more during the current year.

Other Disbursements

Re-educating mutilated soldiers and non-combatants in trades which will enable them to be self-supporting calls for an expenditure of $256,438.60. Donations to the Society of Friends, a kindred activity, and the Woman's Relief Corps amounted to $450,798.24.

Transportation of Red Cross workers and their supplies and equipment calls for an expenditure in the current six months of $2,056,767.54.

Donations of medical supplies, surgical instruments and modern sanitary equipment to hospitals and institutions both at the front and in the rear will amount to $4,385,964.91 by January 1st.

Operating expenses—the purchase of merchandise and supplies—providing for 3,000 American Red Cross workers—insurance—rent—labor—warehousing—shipping. These necessary expenditures make up the balance of the sum required to carry on this work.

In view of recent military events, the vast territories reconquered, the large number of refugees such great military operations will produce and the tremendous expansion of all Red Cross activities resulting, the expenditures till January 1st next may possibly exceed earlier estimates as covered by the appropriations

BULLETIN NO. 4

—Issued by the War Council of the American Red Cross to show the American people how their generous contributions are being expended in the interest of humanity.

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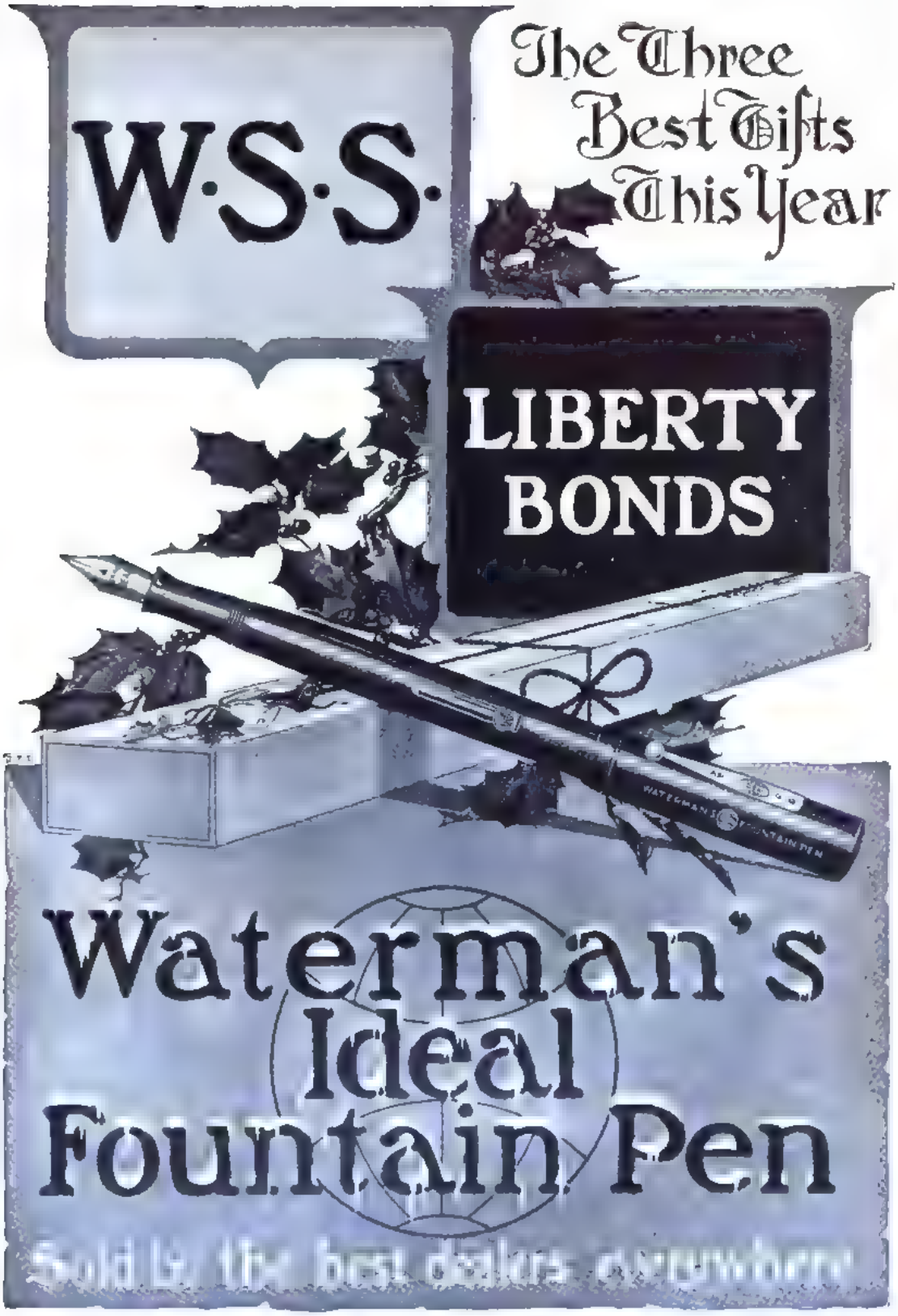

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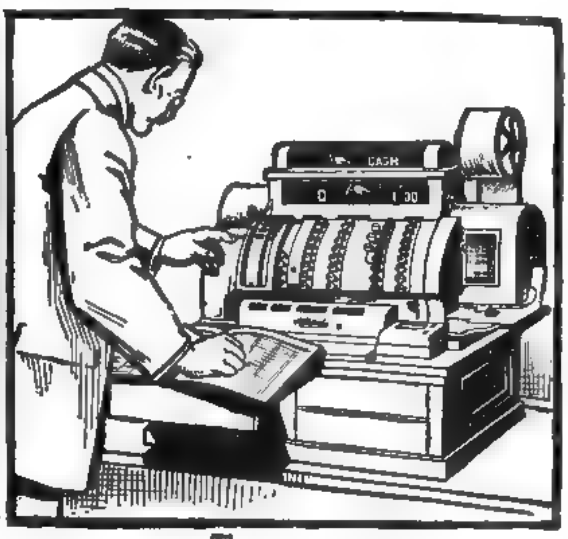

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A merchant with all his troubles should never do the work that a machine does better and quicker.

Our newest model National Cash Register makes the records which a merchant needs to control his business. It does fifteen necessary things in three seconds.

Without the register a man cannot do these things in half an hour.

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The MADELEINE

The New Military and Police Collar

Here it is—the Madeleine! Front 2⅜ inches, back 1¾ inches. Half sizes 14 to 18. An expertly designed collar, "just right" in style for every man in uniform. Of course—it's a

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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

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It is a protection to those exposed.

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Free Trial If you or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back and all your money will be returned at once. But if you keep it send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid

Write Today Send $1.00 today and tell us which of the two rings (illustration above, ladies' or men's) you wish. Be sure to send the size of your finger.

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Socks—more socks—the Soldiers' call! The hosiery industry is booming and the demand far exceeds the supply. Help us fill it but get away from slow hand knitting. Use the fast, reliable, modern Auto Knitter; We gladly take all the socks you wish to send us and pay you highly profitable prices.

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A Command and a Privilege.

There is every good reason in the world why smokers should "roll their own" cigarettes.

Reason, common sense, personal satisfaction, all suggest it. But "Roll Your Own" is a *command* these days as well as a privilege. *Economy* demands it; not alone in the personal saving, but in the saving of labor—the time of other people. The appeal of the economy of "rolling your own" is insistent and compelling.

Back of the economy of it—and making that saving natural and easy, lies the indisputable fact that the cigarette you roll for yourself, with your own hands, is the *most compelling*, the *most individual of all smokes*. The machine-made cigarette can never approach it.

For *mildness*, for *fragrance*, and for *Economy*, the real American *must* "roll his own" of **GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO.**

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Foreign and domestic subscriptions the same price. Send no money or subscriptions to THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE direct. ***Send everything to your local RED CROSS CHAPTER.*** This keeps our records straight. If you have already sent your renewal to your local chapter, disregard this notice.

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In order that the readers of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE shall know when their memberships expire (including all above $1.00), a colored slip is put in the magazine one month before their subscriptions end. These slips advise members to renew their membership at once through their local chapter, and expressly state that no money is to be sent to THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE.

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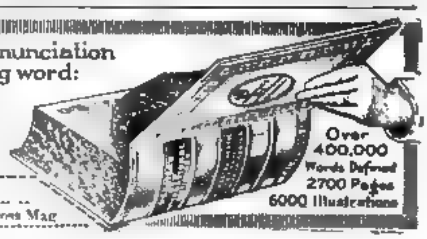

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The Government Asks For Your Contribution For Use in Gas Masks
DROMEDARY
FRESH KEEPING
COCOANUT

Cocoanut Shells Needed For Gas Masks

The carbon from charred cocoanut shells is the best absorbent of poisonous gases yet discovered. Hundreds of tons of cocoanut shells a day are needed by the Government for the manufacture of gas masks.

Only manufacturers of cocoanut products are permitted to receive importations of whole nuts and all the shells are turned over for the manufacture of gas masks.

The more cocoanut American housewives use, the more shells are turned over and hence the more gas masks can be produced.

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Dromedary Cocoanut can be used in a number of ways to add food value, flavor and variety to timely conservation dishes.

Dromedary Cocoanut is the universal favorite because it is so delicious in corn muffins, waffles and griddle cakes, cookies, gelatines, rice and bread puddings and fruit desserts, and as sugarless frosting for coffee cakes and war cakes.

Dromedary Cocoanut Is Economical

It is safe to buy Dromedary Cocoanut in large quantities because there is no waste. The cover of the "Ever-Sealed" package may be replaced, thus keeping the unused portion fresh, moist and full flavored

Write today for our new book, "Dromedary War-time Recipes" which gives many appetizing suggestions for patriotic housewives

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Add Dromedary Cocoanut to Your Favorite Recipe for Corn Muffins

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Attached without the Use of a Jack or Other Tools

Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.

Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.

Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

Do Not Anchor

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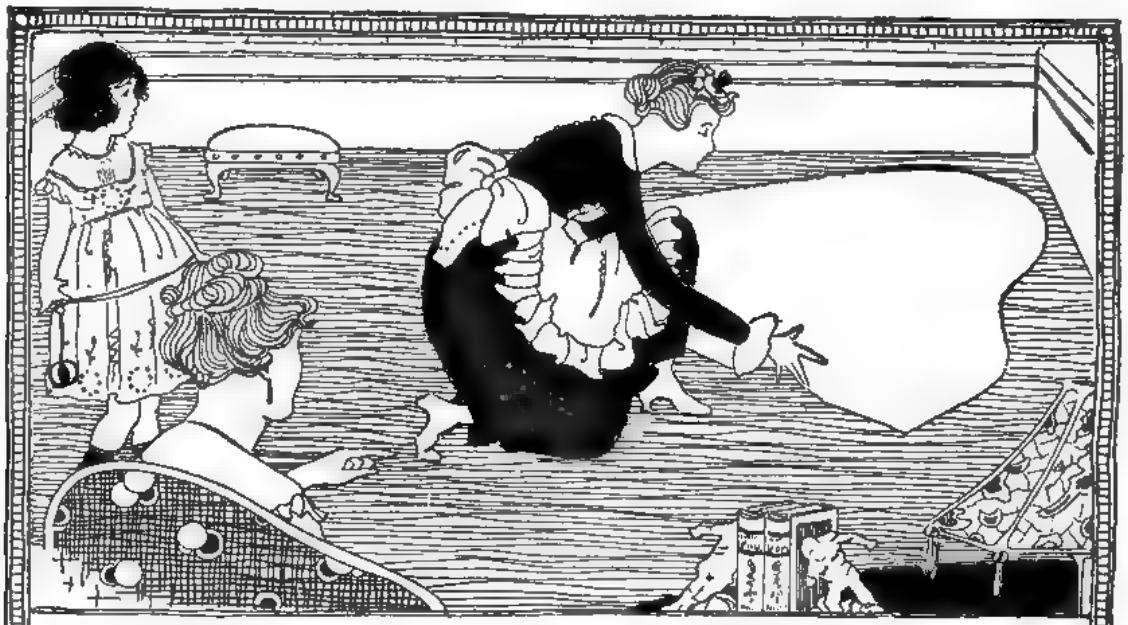

An Impromptu Song

John Brown, of the Red Cross, who has crossed the ocean sixteen times since the war began, relates an interesting shipboard experience.

Two U-boats popped up and began firing at his steamer.

For a few moments the passengers were paralyzed with terror. Then a fat man rushed down below and returned with a tiny Ukulele. Taking a position at the head of the passengers he improvised a song which ran something like this.

1

Put your periscope down
Or you'll feel our gun
And you'll get a-plenty
You murdering Hun!

Chorus

Put your periscope down
Be mighty spry
Or there will be
One Boat go by!

2

Your brewery Ma
And your Daddy Krupp
Will lose their Fritz
If you ever come up!

Chorus

(Same as first—except 2 Boats)

3

If you should rise,
To take a peep,
We'll rock your cra-
Dle in the deep.

Chorus

(Same as first—except 3 Boats)

Presently one passenger and then another joined in this rude chant, till all were singing.

As the song increased in volume, the spirits of the passengers rose until when the U-boats were finally driven off, everyone was in a state of merriment.

Nothing Less Than an

Apartment Grand

Should Satisfy You

—measuring pattern free to show its dainty size

There is room only for beauty in the modern home. And so you must have the modern piano—a Lyon & Healy Apartment-Grand.

Beautiful in the highest sense, graceful and charming in design, and of a musical worthiness such as one hopes for rather than expects, even in a piano built by a House of proud and consistent standards of excellence.

Lyon & Healy, for all their 54 years of musical leadership, present the Apartment Grand as their crowning achievement. Perhaps you will better understand why when you see it, first in words and picture, then in splendid actuality.

Send for the handsome Book of the Apartment Grand, describing its exclusive features and distinctive refinements. Learn about the "Silento" and the "Candelectra." And get full details of purchase along with a paper floor-pattern showing the Apartment Grand's exact size. All without charge or the semblance of obligation.

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Everything Known in Music
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Here's What I'm Drinking

HAVE you noticed how many middle aged and elderly people drink Postum instead of coffee?

However much one may like this or that beverage, it is an unmistakable fact that coffee *does* prove harmful. Its unfortunate influence upon the nerves, as shown by wakefulness, headaches, and so on, makes it undesirable for many.

POSTUM

meets such situations exactly, for it provides an invigorating table drink much like superior coffees in flavor, but as it is made from cereals and a small portion of wholesome molasses it never produces the ill effects that often result from regular coffee drinking.

"There's a Reason"
for **POSTUM**

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Resinol Soap

keeps skins healthy and complexions clear

Your skin has to breathe.

It is just as harmful to abuse your skin as to neglect to breathe plenty of pure fresh air.

Skin pores clogged with waste matter prove ideal breeding places for ever-present germs, and pimples result.

The wrong kind of soap roughens the skin, removes its natural oiliness and favors irritation and inflammation, manifested in the form of blotches, redness or eruptions.

Resinol Soap not only cleanses, but protects the skin. It smoothes instead of roughens and soothes instead of irritates.

Resinol Soap is sold by practically all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Resinol Shaving Stick gives a lather which really soothes tender faces, and makes shaving a positive comfort.

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AND OTHER JEWELRY
ON CREDIT

No. 101 Platinum Filigree Ring, 1 fine diamond, $
No. 102. Tooth Ring 1 fine diamond, $25.00
No. 103. Twin Ring, 2 fine diamonds, $
No. 104. Belcher Ring 1 fine diamond, $50.00
No. 105. Tiffany Ring 1 fine diamond $
No. 106. 14K White Gold 1 fine diamond $
No. 107. 7 Diamond Cluster Platinum Set Ring $
No. 111. Hoop Ring, 2 fine diamonds and Ruby, $45.00
No. 112. 1 Fancy Ring 1 fine diamond, $35.00

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Pay only one-tenth on delivery, balance in ten equal monthly installments. Each and every Diamond we sell is accompanied by

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Diamond values are constantly advancing. We want you to feel safe in buying your diamond from us. Therefore we guarantee that your diamond will increase 7½% each year you own it, or we will buy it back at 7½% per year increase in value.

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Dept. 85T, 2 & 4 Maiden Lane New York City

Keep HIM Fit With a "COMFYKIT"

Most Popular KIT Made — Price $5.00

Thousands Used by Army & Navy

Containing Necessaries articles Including Safety Razor, Comb, Mirror, Soap, Trench Mirror, Sewing Outfit, Adjustable Head Net and Fasteners

Kit Made of Waterproof Auto-Fabric
Beware of Imitations
Look for Nathan Trade-Mark
Sold by Dealers or Direct
Nathan Novelty Mfg. Co., Dept. R, 88 Reade St., New York

FIBRE LEGS ARMS

4-LB. FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS
Orthopedic braces for all deformities. Send for booklet.
Minneapolis Artificial Limb Co., 655 Dunn Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912 of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, published monthly at Garden City, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill., for October 1st, 1918.

State of New York, County of Nassau, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared E. Fred Eastman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of The Red Cross Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co. Garden City, New York. *Managing Editor*, Gilman C. Hall, Garden City, New York. *Business Manager*, E. Fred Eastman, Garden City, New York.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)

The American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: — (This information is required from daily publications only.)

E. Fred Eastman, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1918.
[SEAL] John J. Hessian, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 31, 1919.)

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How to End Film on Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

It Must Be Done

Brushing teeth without ending the film is pretty nearly useless. Millions of people know that. They find that brushed teeth still discolor, still decay. And statistics show that tooth troubles are constantly increasing.

A slimy film which you feel on your teeth is the cause of most tooth troubles. It gets into crevices and stays, resisting the tooth brush.

That film is what discolors, not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So it is that film which wrecks the teeth.

Science has now found a way to daily combat that film. Able authorities have proved it by clinical tests. It is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, which countless dentists are now urging. It is bound to supersede old methods with everyone who knows it.

A Test Will Show

The results of Pepsodent are so evident, so quick, that even a week's use is convincing.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Ordinary pepsin will not serve this purpose. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth.

But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. It is that method —used only in Pepsodent—which makes possible this efficient application.

After a great many tests made by dental authorities, Pepsodent is recognized as the way to fight this film. And now we urge everyone to prove it in their homes.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of that slimy film. See how your teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Stop your inefficient methods for a little while. See how much more Pepsodent accomplishes. Then judge for yourself what to do in the future.

Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists Everywhere
A Scientific Product

(1918)

Special 10-Cent Tube
A size not sold in Drug Stores

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 244, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Enclose find 10c for a Special Tube of Pepsodent.

Name .....

Address .....

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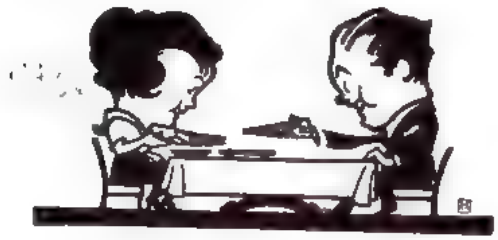

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Has Been The MINCE MEAT
"Like mother used to make"

for 35 years and it's as good in a Barley Flour Pie Crust as it ever was

Try Barley Pie Crust in War Recipe Book—free on request

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Women accountants are more and more in demand by merchants, manufacturers and banks. Paying positions always open to those competent to fill them. Train for this profession. At least write and let us tell you how we thoroughly instruct women in modern Accounting. Learn the possibilities that this calling offers to YOU.

Learn At Home

The accounting experts of LaSalle Extension University will train you by mail. Only your spare time required. Text books, lectures and examinations by leading authorities. Direct, personal instruction. This course will prepare you for an independent career as Certified Public Accountant; or, if employed, will fit you for rapid advancement. Our easy terms enable you to pay a little each month if you wish. Write for our Book of Accountancy facts today. Sent free.

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Send For It—There's No Charge

No 702

This box contains three Ladies' All Pure Linen Handkerchiefs. Hemstitched and handsomely embroidered in beautiful design in one corner of each Handkerchief.

Each box contains three different designs with one quarter inch hem.

Price $2.00 per box

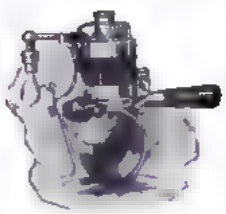
NEWCOMB-ENDICOTT COMPANY
Dept. L Detroit, Michigan

FOR ARMY AND NAVY
Non-Liquid Fuse Lighter
Kraemer No. 400, U. S. Pat'd April 2nd, 1918

Fit for Kits. Lights Pipe, Cigar or Cigarettes. No benzine required. Will burn in strongest wind. Nickeled 85c., Sterling Silver $3, 14K Gold $18. Quantity prices on request.

M. E. Bernhardt 157 Chambers St., N. Y.

"MAIMIN"
Gauze and Bandage Cutter



"BABY SIX"

Every war relief workroom should be equipped with this machine. Will cut 100 yards gauze in three minutes for compresses, drains, wipes, sponges, etc., and cuts on the thread. Will cut 50 yards of muslin in three minutes for surgical dressings, wrappers, triangular, head and abdominal bandages. Will also cut pajamas, surgical shirts and sheets in large quantities. This machine is being used extensively by war relief organizations. Full information on request. Special price to recognized war relief organizations.

H. Maimin, Inc., Manufacturers, 251 W. 19th St., N. Y.

Please mention the Red Cross Magazine when you ask about these goods

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The Pigeons' Party

"Oh, Good-e-e-e!" That is the way Bobbie and Jack greet mamma's appearance with a big dish of Jell-O for them, while papa's homing pigeons, in training for war service in France, look on interestedly.

Young folks like Jell-O, and as it is a wholesome food, requiring no sugar or cream to make it palatable, it is very much in demand just now.

Whipped Jell-O dishes are particularly popular. They include Bavarian creams of great variety, made without using sugar or cream, and snow puddings that are nothing but whipped Lemon Jell-O of the most delightful flavor.

Jell-O is put up in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate, and is sold by all grocers, **2** packages for **25** cents.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

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Fifty Cents for
Freeman's
FACE POWDER
is NOT an advance, because we now give double quantity

MOST everything has advanced in price. Material and labor cost more. Government taxes have increased. And now Uncle Sam wants to conserve in paper, board and labor.

We have met these conditions in the only way possible—packed *double* the quantity of powder in a *square* cornered box of practically the *same* size. This saves our government and us one box, and the packing and handling of that box.

For forty years Freeman's Face Powder has been sold at a uniform price. We do not want to increase it. Buying quality in *quantity* protects us both and helps win the war.

50 cents includes Government Tax

Remember—Freeman's Face Powder is distinctively a quality powder that delights the most fastidious.

The Freeman guarantee—money back after trial if not satisfied—still holds good.

All tints at all toilet counters or miniature box for 4 cents stamps.

Watch for the square box.

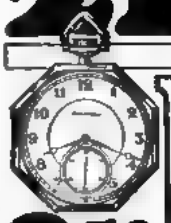
FREEMAN PERFUME CO., Dept. X Cincinnati, O.

SERVICE FLAGS, Wool Felt
9x14 Felt Service Flag Medallion, postpaid, $1.00. Plain flag 50c. Larger sizes to order. **Agents Wanted.**
CAWOOD NOVELTY MFG. CO. Danville, Illinois

WASHPROOF NAME TAPES
INDELIBLE IDENTIFICATION
Names, numbers, etc., in various styles of lettering, on very fine white tape. For marking clothing and household linen. Essential in hospitals, schools and camps. **75c per gross** (150 tapes). Samples free

STERLING NAME TAPE COMPANY
Established 1911
21 Curtice Street Winsted, Conn.

21 JEWEL BURLINGTON WATCH



The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases. The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at the rate of $2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price that the wholesale jewelers must pay us.

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2.50 PER MONTH

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War Relief Organizations Supplied Samples Sent on Request
THE HARRIS COMPANY, Inc., 380-2 B'way, N. Y.
Selling Agents "Patriot Brand" Gauze

New PATRIOTIC for War Time Benefits, Recitations, Vaudeville **PLAYS** Sketches, Monologues, Entertainments, Dialogs, Tableaux, Commencement Manual full of new helps, Folk Dances, Pageants, Drills, Pantomimes, Minstrel Jokes, Make-Up Goods. Large Catalog Free
T. S. Denison & Co. Dept. 72 Chicago

How to Save Food

In these days when the high cost of living pinches nearly every home, no waste should be overlooked. One of the most flagrant and the most easily prevented, is the destruction of food by rats. One rat will often do a hundred dollars' damage of food and property in a single night, and a careful estimate gives over $200,000,000 as the value of foodstuffs destroyed annually by these pests. Exterminate them with Stearns' Electric Paste and save this enormous loss of food. A small box of Stearns' Electric Paste costs only a few cents and is usually enough to completely rid the house of rats and mice; also effective against cockroaches and waterbugs.

Atwood Grapefruit
Recommended by Physicians for Rheumatism
As to Flavor in a Class by Itself.
Price about the same as the common variety.

Always in this wrapper
THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY MANATEE, FLA.

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FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES

An Oil Kitchen Means Kitchen Comfort

Burn oil. Then you use fuel only when you need it and do not waste it. Oil is the cheapest and cleanest fuel; with it you have no ashes to take up or stubborn grate to struggle with. Equip your kitchen with a Florence Cook Stove and a Florence Water Heater. This is the clean and economical way to cook the family's meals and supply enough hot water for everyone.

The quick, intense flame of the Florence burner gives you the kind of heat you need when and where you want it. By perfect lever control you can instantly have the right degree of heat for the work in hand. No wicks to trim, no valves to leak. The glass bull's eye in the tank tells you at a glance when to replenish your oil fuel supply.

The Florence Oil Cook Stove will take care of all your cooking needs. Breakfast in fifteen minutes; the long, steady heat for canning; the proper regulating of your oven heat for bread or sponge cake.

The Florence Water Heater will heat water for your dishes, your washing and your bath.

Let your dealer show you his Florence line. Or write us for full information about our Florence Oil Cook Stove and Florence Water Heater. It is gladly supplied upon request.

Central Oil & Gas Stove Company, 352 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Oil Heaters, Gas Hot Plates and Gas Heaters

Made and sold in Canada by McClary's London Ontario

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Learning Through Play

A gift that delights your child; that amuses and entertains—not merely for an hour or a day—but for years; an instrument that is one of the best of teachers:—so inexhaustible that a child of two and the head of the house can use.

The Chautauqua Industrial Art Desk

solves the war-time problem of buying useful presents, and the personal problem of giving a present that delights the child.

You want to know more about this wonderful invention; why President Eliot of Harvard, President Faunce of Brown, Mary C. Bradford, President of the National Education Association, all say it is the best piece of educational equipment a child can have.

The pictures and the folder

"Interest, Play, and That Child of Yours"

are given free for the asking. Write for them TO-DAY.

LEWIS E. MYERS AND COMPANY
Chautauqua Park Valparaiso, Ind.

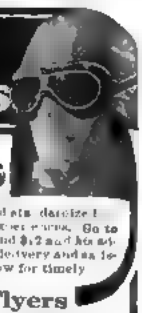
Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Send your name and finger size and say, "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes make your deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it, send $2.50 a month until $15.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send your finger size

Harold Lachman Co. 12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 9779, Chicago

The Gift Your Aviator Wants



Non-Shatterable
RESISTAL EYETECTS

He can always use a pair of these non-shatterable goggles recommended by U. S. Army and Navy aviators. Insist on U. S. Navy. Write for Booklet of aviators' experiences. Go to the Store where EYETECTS are sold, or—send $3.2 and his address for the goggles he wants. We guarantee delivery and satisfaction. Money back if you want it. Order now for timely Christmas delivery.

For Army and Navy Flyers

Manufactured only by STRAUSS & BLEGELEISEN 340 Broadway New York City

The Goggles that Protect

XMAS SERVICE STAMPS 100 for 10¢

FOR LETTERS AND PACKAGES

Put up in attractive envelope in 1, 2 or 3 stars (state which desired) with catalog of Unique Cards, Novelties and Gifts for Soldiers, Nurses and all those in service. Show all the world your pride by using Chase Service Stamps. A welcome Christmas gift. At all the better dealers.

ERNEST DUDLEY CHASE
273 Causeway St. Boston, Mass.

50c. and $1.00

WEAR Over There THE Service Pin

for your boy over there

White letters in blue field. Blue star in white field with red border. Best hard enamel top stoned and polished. Four stars same price. Sterling silver once $1.00 gold plated 50c. Solid gold; prices on request. Order early to insure prompt delivery. Money back if dissatisfied. We pay all postage.

Send for free catalogue 138 of gifts and service goods

FRANK N. NATHAN CO.
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Diamond Merchants for 28 Years Watches and Manicure Sets

WHEEL CHAIRS
WE MAKE OVER 70 STYLES

SARGENT CO. 132 E. 23rd St.
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Soothe Your Itching Skin With Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston"

SIMPLIFIED SHORTHAND

Learn in 6 evenings home study; then acquire speed with K. I. Shorthand. Amazingly simple, easy. Approved by experts. Write dictation, messages, etc., **rapidly as spoken** after brief, pleasant practice. Favorite method for personal use; make notes at lectures meetings; keep confidential **diary.** Big help in any profession or business; aid in your career. Used in Army, Navy, courts, commercial schools, by public and private stenographers, teachers. Slight cost. For busy people, including YOU. **Proof Lessons.** Guarantee and Brochure with testimonials free, postpaid. Address

KING INSTITUTE EA-85, Station F, **NEW YORK**

***Send 25 cts. for* BURHAM SAFETY RAZOR**

Complete with 3 Blades

This razor is guaranteed to shave equally as well as any safety razor now on the market. Hundreds of thousands are now in use "Over There." Simplest and most sanitary of all shaving devices. Extra blades 40c. per dozen. Trench Mirror, 3½ x 2⅜, 15c. each.

The Burham Safety Razor Co., 84-86 Murray St., N. Y. City

Very liberal discount given to War Relief Societies

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MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"

A MAZDA Lamp for every purpose

MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this service.

MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York. The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.

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ABC

Antoinette Brassiere Combination

The newest of new things in lingerie, being a combination of the Brassiere or Bandeau, the Skirt and the Envelope Drawer.

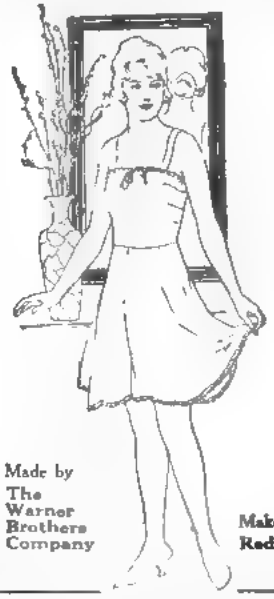
Three in One

Nurses and overseas workers like

Antoinette Brassiere Combinations

they launder so easily and lend themselves so well to the needs of a reduced wardrobe.

All women like their utility, convenience and the dainty finishing touch beneath the dress. Found at all good stores.



Made by The Warner Brothers Company

Makers of Redfern Corsets

Men's Woolen Sock Dryers

For sizes 11 and 11½. Patented. Rustless Wire.

All Socks are required to be washed. These forms give them perfect shape.

$3.50 per dozen pairs.

1 pair delivered upon receipt of 50c.

J. B. TIMBERLAKE & SONS, Jackson, Mich.

To Save the Soldier's Watch
DOUBLE CLINCHED
PAT SEPT 11 1900
Stamped "KHAKI on the Glass
Unbreakable · Non-Splintering · Non-Inflammable Watch Glass

Expansion or contraction makes other unbreakable glass fall out in hot or cold weather. An ordinary crystal breaks, with great danger to the soldier from glass splinters. The "Khaki" Glass can't break, and can't come out because held by the Double Clinched Bezel. *It grips and holds forever!* Neither dust nor water can penetrate this bezel. Ask your dealer. Used only on **Depollier** Military Watches with Waltham Movement. Write for booklet

JACQUES DEPOLLIER & SON
15 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK
DUBOIS WATCH CASE CO · ESTABLISHED 1877

MORE THAN 50,000

American men and women have volunteered to help the Red Cross and are serving on 10,000 local committees in all parts of the country.

In carrying out its great purpose, sanctioned by the Army and Navy and by President Wilson, the Red Cross has conserved human resources in fighters' families.

—it has given relief in emergencies,

—supplemented Government provision for dependents;

—encouraged disabled soldiers;

—supplied information of every kind to men in service and to their families,

—and helped families to maintain the highest standards in order to keep pace with their fighters who are obtaining a broader outlook on life.

It has maintained the morale of the Army and Navy by safe-guarding the home and home interests.

Help is given to all creeds and races. Aid is extended to every person who will accept it.

It is not charity, but only that helpful neighborliness which is due to every fighter from the entire American people

DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT
SEND NO MONEY. Any Diamond shipped for
DON'T PAY A CENT
SUPERIOR VALUE
YEARLY INCREASE in VALUE of
Send TO-DAY for FREE
SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF 15 % ON ALL CASH SALES,
FOR THIS MONTH ONLY. J. M. LYON & CO., 1 Maiden Lane, New York.

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Instant Beauty

How can I become more attractive—now—today?

FIRST apply Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin; also serves as a powder foundation. Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. Then a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. At once you have an added charm of beauty, and with a fragrance which captivates the senses.

These three beauty aids can be used separately, or together as a "Complete Beauty Toilette." Guaranteed pure and safe by the makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

POMPEIAN
Beauty Powder

Pompeian DAY Cream — (Vanishing) Keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Removes face shine. Good face-powder foundation. Has an exquisite, dainty perfume. Sold by all druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder — Its fragrance captivates the senses. It adds a pearly clearness to the skin and stays on unusually long. Pure and harmless. Shades, white, brunette and flesh. Sold by all druggists, 50c.

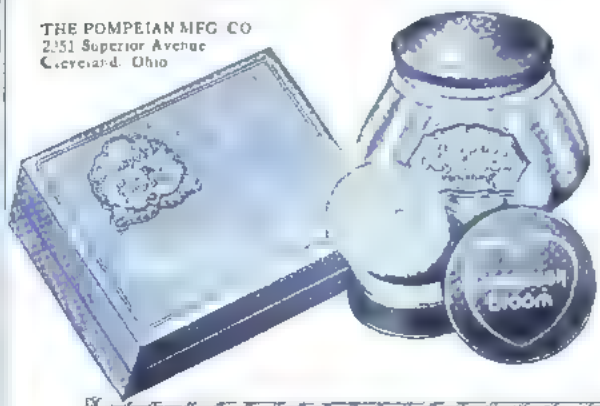
Pompeian BLOOM — A rouge that adds the final touch of youthful bloom. Imperceptible when properly applied. Do you know that a touch of color in the cheeks beautifies the eyes, making them darker and more lustrous? With vanity mirror and French puff, in three shades, light, dark and medium (the popular shade), 50c.

SPECIAL HALF-BOX OFFER

(Positively only one to a family)

To one person only in a family, we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package) and 1919 Liberty Girl Art Panel and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM, for only two dimes.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
2251 Superior Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio



Pompeian Co., 2251 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen—Enclosed find two dimes (coins preferred, stamps accepted) for which send me your special powder and 1919 Panel offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer before.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State .....

Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested

Please mention the Red Cross Magazine when you ask about these goods

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A Favorite in Camp and at Home

BUYERS for canteens and supply stores at all Army and Navy camps should see to it that Cracker Jack—*the* favorite for years—is on sale.

Our fighters like its crispness and refreshing flavor. Cracker Jack, too, is the confection that puts the *sweet* in Home, Sweet Home.

Cracker Jack

America's War-Time Food Confection

Made from selected pop-corn and choice roasted peanuts, coated with delicious molasses candy. Cracker Jack contains less sugar than most confections, yet satisfies the candy appetite. It is a wholesome, well-balanced food that builds bone, tissue and muscle.

Samples and prices on request. Special style packing for overseas shipment.

Rueckheim Bros. & Eckstein
Chicago and Brooklyn, U. S. A.

A Wonderful Treat

Saves Sugar and Wheat

Patented Wax - Sealed Packages Keep Contents Fresh and Sweet

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The NEW WAY in Typewriting comprises ten easily learned lessons based primarily on *gymnastic finger exercises*. The results are amazing—if you are a beginner you can soon master the machine—if already a typist you can *treble your speed* and jump to bigger wages and executive positions.

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No more simple and clear-cut course could be imagined. 125 to 150 words a minute guaranteed—as fascinating as a game. Only a few lessons needed, and for the little cost of same, we also include *free of charge* a complete instruction in secretarial and business training. Write for free descriptive book—read what others say and note our *small tuition fee*. Address

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
1206Z College Hill **Springfield, Ohio**

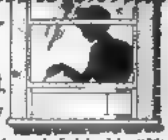
Reader:

You can place this copy of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE in the hands of a soldier or sailor by following Mr. Burleson's notice on the front cover.

You are cordially invited, also, to fill in the coupon which you will find on the twelfth page of the advertising section.

Continental Sanitary Window Ventilators

Fresh Air Without Drafts, Dust, Rain or Snow



For Bed Rooms, Living Rooms, Bath Rooms, School Rooms, Hospitals, Offices, Etc.

FRAMES of selected hard wood, finished in "Mission Oak," oil-stained. A specially treated, and meshed, buff-colored cotton cloth forms the centre of the ventilator and acts as a filter

No. R 93—9 ins. high, adjustable 23 to 37 ins. wide.
No. R 96—9 ins. high, adjustable 34 to 50 ins. wide.
No. R 153—15 ins. high, adjustable 23 to 37 ins. wide.

Price No. R-93, 60 cents each, 2 for $1.00
" No. R-96, 75 cents each, 3 for $2.00
" No. R-153, 75 cents each, 3 for $2.00

Cash with order. The above prices cover delivery any place east of Missouri River. Order from your dealer or from us.

THE CONTINENTAL CO., 1840 Penobscot Bld'g, Detroit, Mich.

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Show Your Loyalty

If your boy has gone to the front, display your Service Flag.

Service Flags

with one or more stars, each star representing one of your dear ones in your country's Army or Navy:

Wool Bunting, Guaranteed Fast Colors

2 x 3	feet	$2.50 each	5 x 8	feet	$12.00 each
3 x 5	"	5.00 "	6 x 10	"	16.00 "
4 x 6	"	7.00 "	8 x 12	"	24.00 "

Cheaper grades from 25c up. **The ideal gift for your friend** whose boy has gone to war.

American Flags

Finest Quality Wool Bunting. Brilliant—Guaranteed Fast Colors.

4 x 6	feet	$7.50 each	8 x 12	feet	$25.00 each
5 x 8	"	12.00 "	10 x 15	"	40.00 "
6 x 10	"	16.50 "			

Larger sizes up to 50 x 75 ft. at prices in proportion

Prices subject to change according to market conditions

Write for our *Special* Flag Circular, which features All grades and Prices

116-120 W. 32 St. TRADE Steinfeld MARK New York

A PATRIOTIC GIFT.

THIS year loyal men will especially appreciate useful gifts of moderate cost.

Cutting out expensive and non-essential holiday presents will appeal to every true American. The gift that carries the spirit of a war-time Christmas and that will be welcomed by any man anywhere is the

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

At men's wear shops and leading stores everywhere.

50c and Upward

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, *Makers,* BOSTON

In these times!

You are quite apt to *select* your company when ordering Fire Insurance.

If you do, we are very likely to get your business.

"The Leading Fire Insurance Co. of America"

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONN.

WM. B. CLARK, President

AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Do You Know?

That 90% of disease originates or is made possible by unnatural conditions in the intestinal canal?

How and why is explained in the following literature which represents the opinions of medical authorities the world over. Write today for your copy.

Nujol Laboratories

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)

50 Broadway, New York

Nujol *For Constipation*

Please send me: (*Mark X in the square opposite your choice*)

- ☐ "The Days That Go Before" —constipation in pregnancy and nursing period.
- ☐ "As The Twig is Bent" —constipation in infancy and childhood.
- ☐ "Thirty Feet of Danger" —constipation and auto-intoxication in adults.
- ☐ "As Shadows Lengthen" —constipation in old age.
- ☐ "Wages of Neglect" —constipation as a cause of piles.

Name.....

Address.....

Please mention the Red Cross Magazine when you ask about these goods

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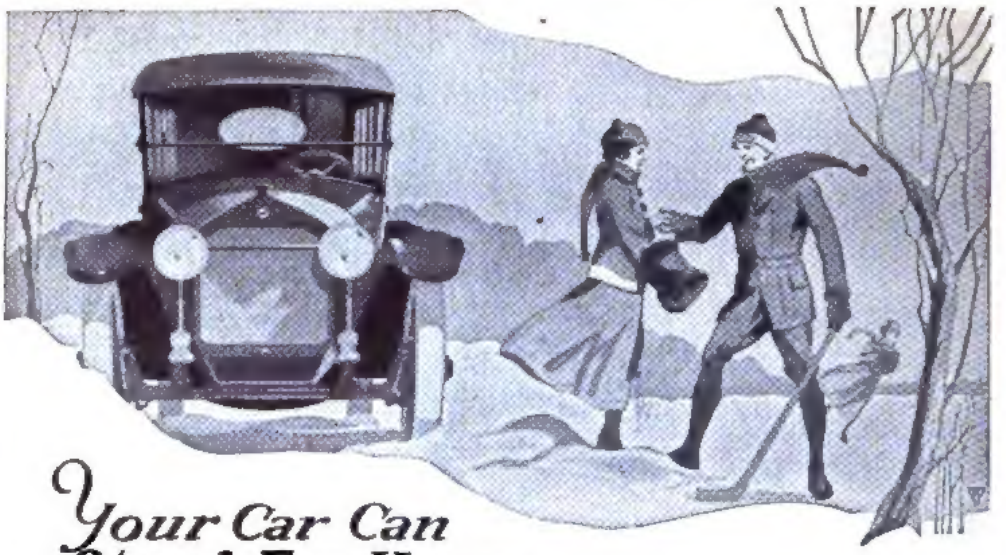

Your Car Can Stand For Hours Without the Radiator Freezing!!

RADIATOR trouble and worry is a thing of the past. Don't let it interfere with your business or mar your pleasure. Use Johnson's Freeze-Proof, then forget there is such a thing as a frozen radiator. Leave your radiator uncovered on the coldest day—leave your car at night in an unheated garage—IT CAN'T FREEZE.

JOHNSON'S FREEZE-PROOF

is the logical anti-freeze preparation to use. It is inexpensive—does not evaporate—is non-inflammable—easy to use—and guaranteed. One application will last all winter unless the solution is lost through the overflow pipe or leakage.

One package of Johnson's Freeze-Proof will protect a Ford to 5° below zero, one and a half packages will protect a Ford 30° below zero and two packages to 50° below zero. For larger cars, or to protect to a lower temperature, use additional Freeze-Proof according to the scale on the package. Cost $1.50 per package in U. S. A. East of Rockies.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, **Racine, Wis.**

For Delivery Cars

For Gas Engines

For Trucks

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Warmth for the Bathroom

Warm up the bathroom in a jiffy with a Perfection Oil Heater. Chases the chill from *any room*—easily carried about—burns ten hours on a gallon of kerosene oil.

Perfection Oil Heaters met the fuel shortage effectively last winter, in over 3,000,000 homes.

Buy your Perfection *Now* at your local dealers.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7222 Platt Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

Made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Co. Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

The New No. 500 Perfection Heater Wicks, fixed to metal carriers, are trimmed, burned and ready to light. Rewicking is easy. Slip out the old wick and carrier—slip in the new.

SAVE and SERVE BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS W·S·S·

PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

Look for the Triangle Trade Mark

SAVE THE NATION'S COAL

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KEEN KUTTER
MOWER FOUND
ON BATTLEFIELD
Corp. George E. Owen of Tuxedo Park of the Twelfth Regiment, Railway Engineers, mentions in a recent letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest P. Owen, the following peculiar "Made in St. Louis" incident observed while he was fighting in Flanders.
"I just noticed a queer coincidence the other day. There is an old lawn-mower out in front of the hut, broken and rusty. I guess it belonged to some Frenchman before the war. Well, when the war came Fritz invaded the country, and I guess some of the 'square heads' used to play with it. Then the British came and drove them back step by step. There it lays after having gone through many adventures. I turned it over the other day, and on it saw these words: 'KEEN KUTTER.—Simmons Hardware Company, St. Louis, Mo.' What do you know about that? It's a pretty small old world after all, n'est-ce pas?"
Owen was a student at Washington University and volunteered last June in the Twelfth Engineers.
COURAUD WINS

Over There!

ON the shell-torn battle-fields of France, just behind the fighting front, an American soldier found interesting evidence that the KEEN KUTTER trade mark says "quality" in all languages and means quality to all the peoples of the earth.

Wherever the flag of a civilized nation waves; wherever ocean liners carry the products of America, Simmons' KEEN KUTTER tools and KEEN KUTTER specialties of every kind are well and favorably known.

They have gained this prestige abroad on the same basis upon which it has been obtained here at home—the market-winning basis of supreme quality.

On tools, cutlery and hardware specialties of all kinds, the KEEN KUTTER trade mark is your never-failing guide to articles that are honestly made of the best materials for the purpose and sure to give long years of satisfactory service.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

KEEN KUTTER

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten"

Trade Mark Registered

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